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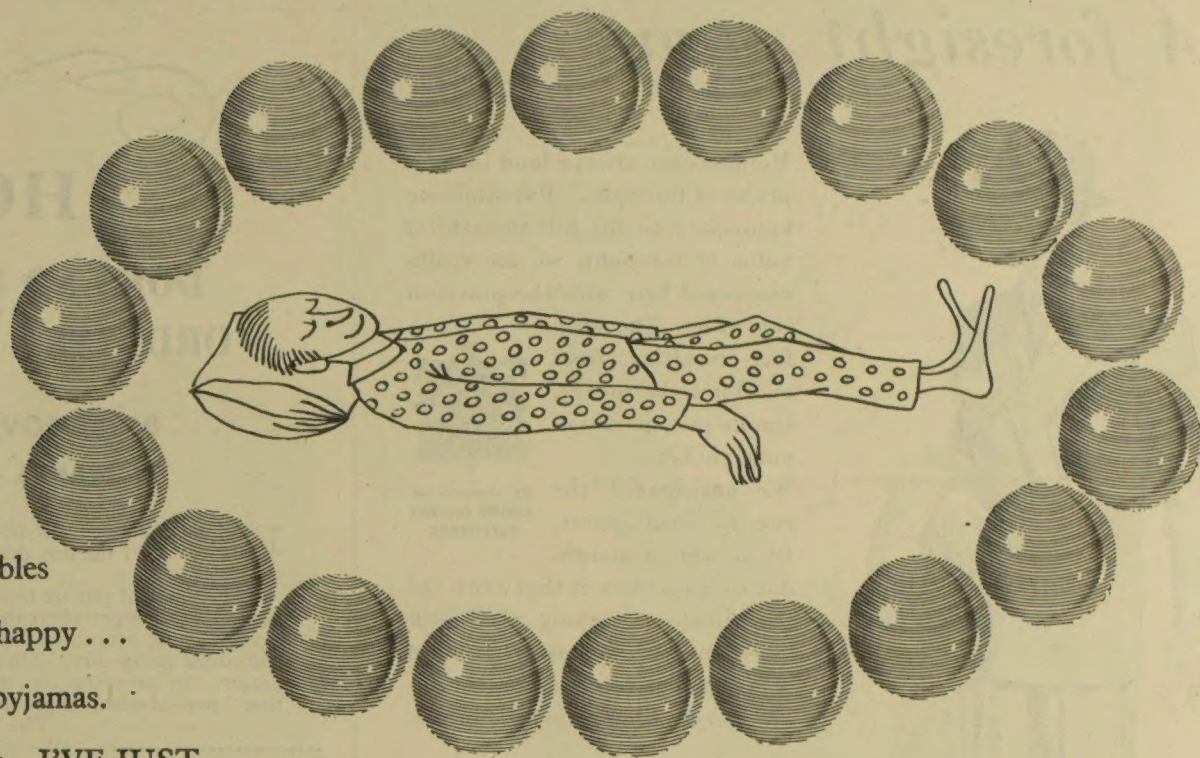
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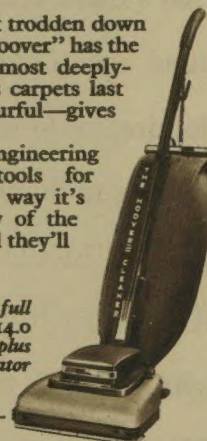
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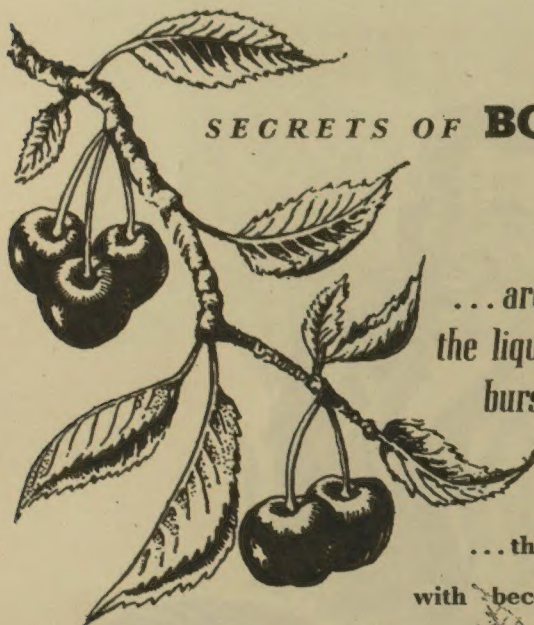


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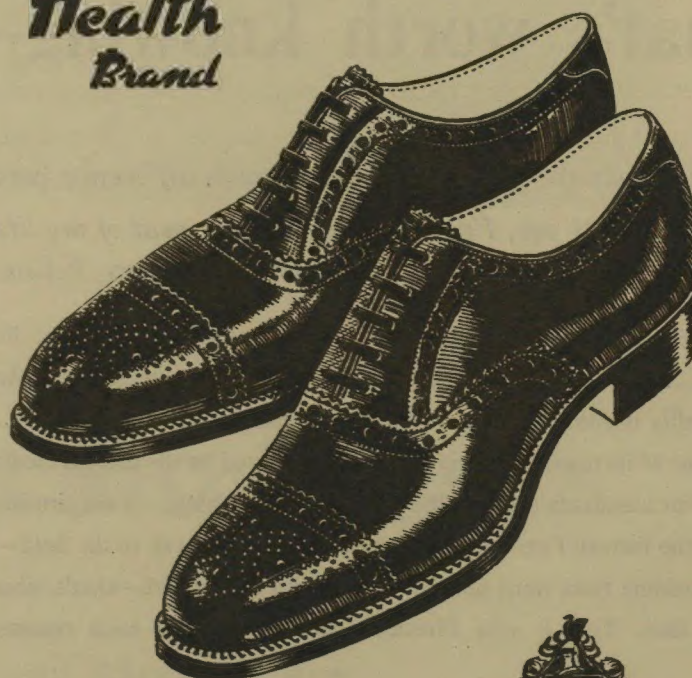
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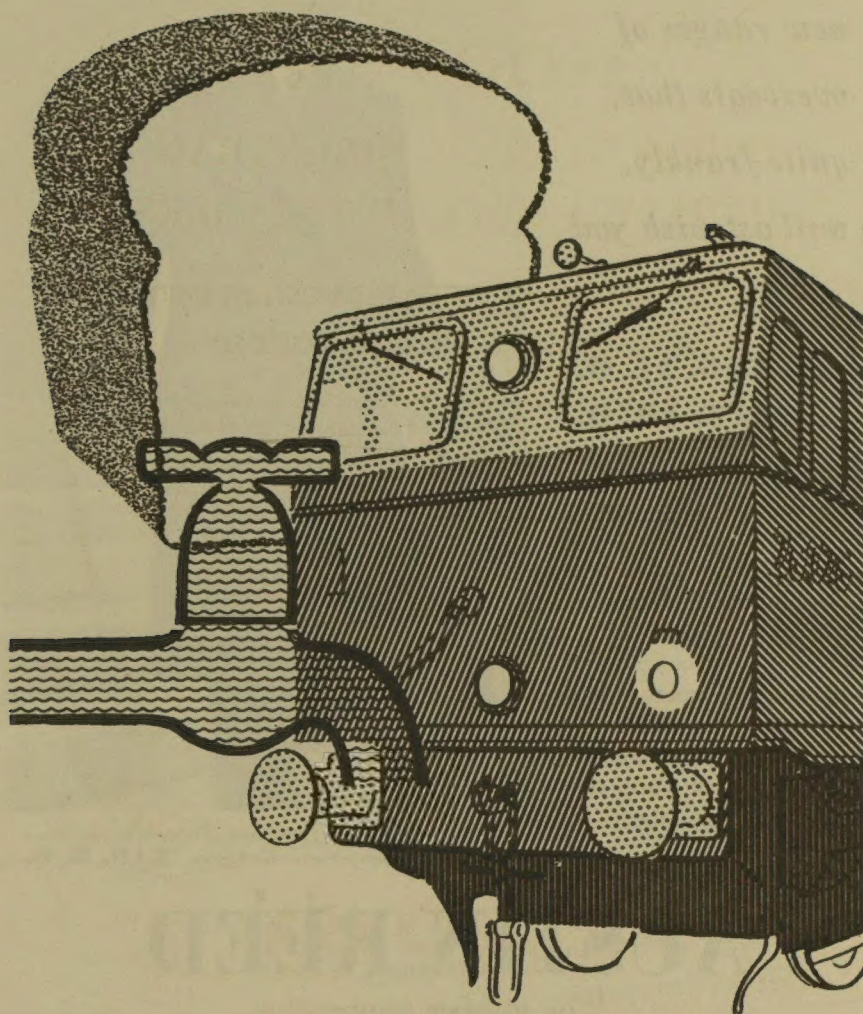
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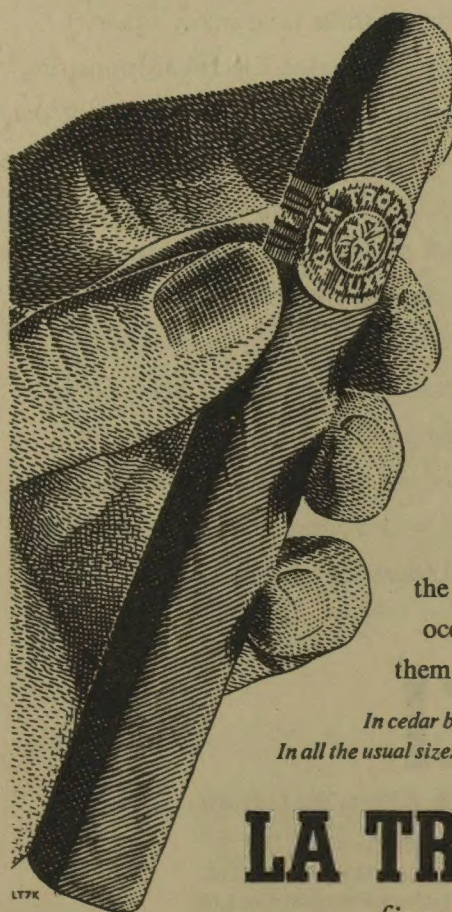
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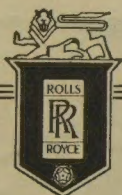
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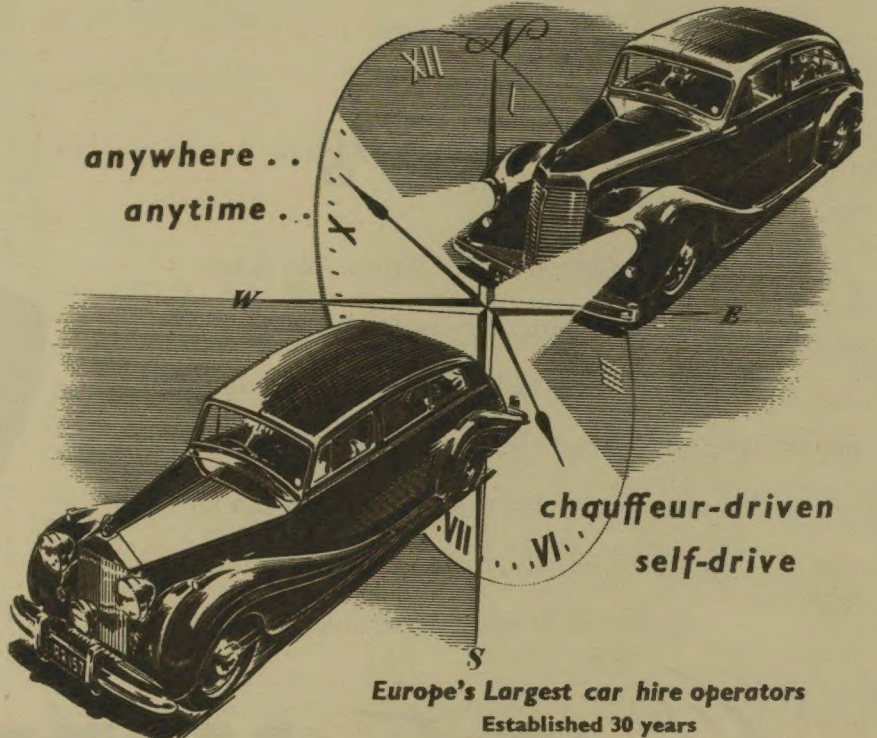
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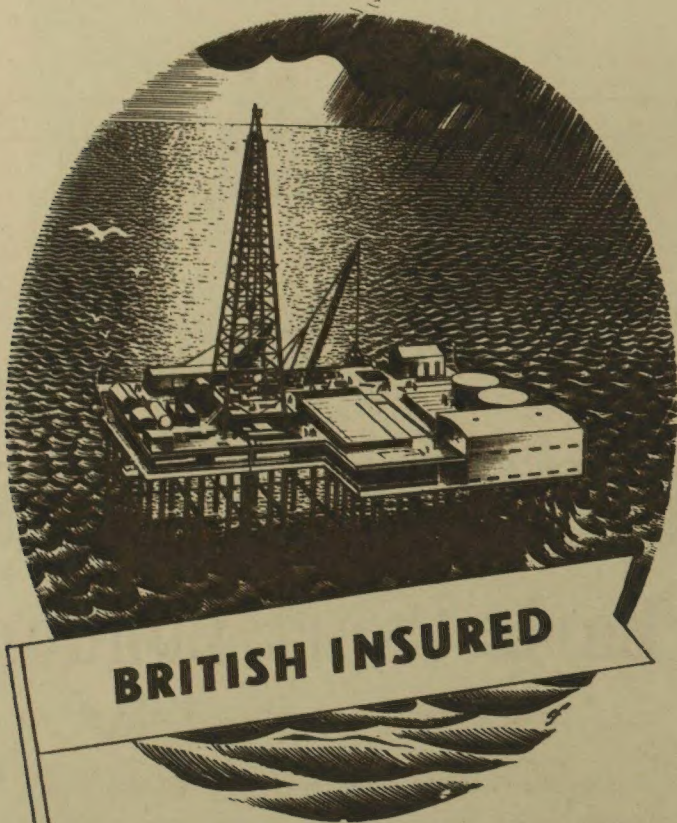
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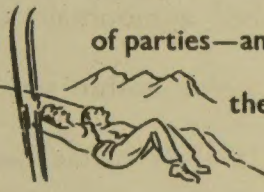


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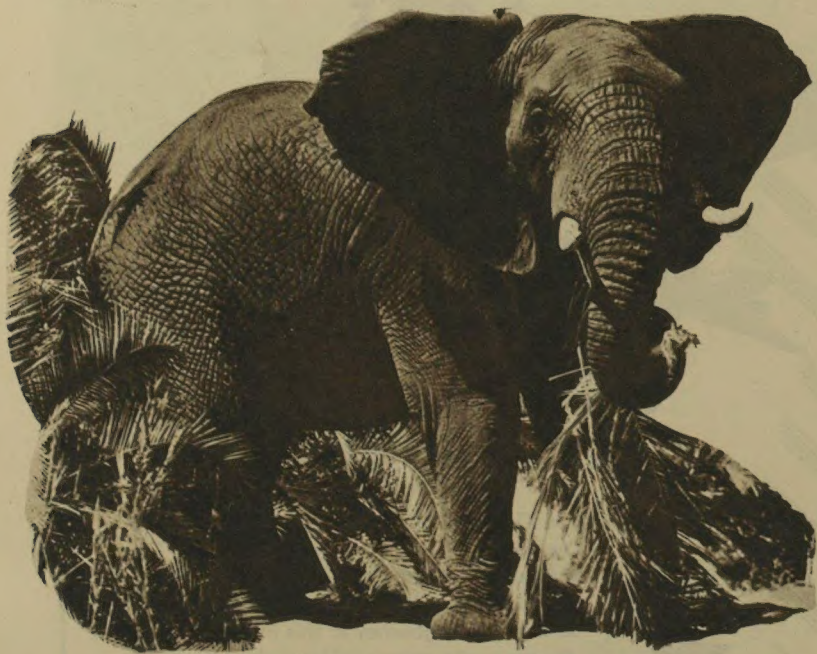
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1951.



THE ROYAL TOUR OF CANADA BEGINS: (ABOVE) PRINCESS ELIZABETH EMBARKS IN THE "CANOPUS," FOLLOWED BY PRINCESS MARGARET (WHO, WITH THE QUEEN, WISHED HER BON VOYAGE) AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AND (BELOW) THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET LEAVE THE AIRCRAFT AFTER SAYING GOOD-BYE.

Shortly after midnight on October 7-8, their Royal Highnesses Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh left London Airport for Montreal by air in the B.O.A.C. *Stratocruiser* "Canopus," via Gander, Newfoundland. The Queen and Princess Margaret went with them to the airport and saw them installed in the aircraft and later waved them farewell. October 7 had been spent by the Princess and the Duke in a round of Royal good-byes. The Queen and Queen Mary had lunched at Clarence House;

in the afternoon Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh paid a visit to Buckingham Palace to see the King; and after this the Princess went back to Clarence House to say good-bye to her children. The blue, silver and white aircraft, which is double-decked and normally accommodates sixty passengers, was expected to land at Gander at about 11 a.m. on October 8 (British time) and to reach Dorval Airport, Montreal, at about noon (Canadian time).



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

FOR politicians a General Election is the time for promises. For prudent electors it is one for stock-taking. One cannot judge an Opposition, except on its promises, but one can judge a Government by what it has done or left undone. The present Government—present at the time of writing—has been in power for more than six years. So material for reasonable judgment is available.

The test of a Government is not, of course, its perfection. Like the test of a climate or of a husband or wife, it is not a question of whether it is an ideal Government, but whether under the circumstances of the time it is as good a one as could be hoped for. And probably most Englishmen, even those most opposed to the present Government, would admit that, while they might have had a better post-war Government, they might have had a far more vindictive, unjust and partisan one. When Lord Plumer was told by his Chief of Staff in the spring of 1918 that his Army had been cut in two, he replied that it might have been worse and, when asked how so, added, "It might have been cut in three!" Those out of temper with Fate should always do what Cecil Rhodes called the "comparative": that is, compare their plight to the more depressing one it might have been. And in a half-revolutionary Britain even the most reactionary diehards are still safe in life and limb and are in possession of at least a fraction of their former property. The appropriators of other days, as their more violent opponents still affect to regard them, have not been wholly appropriated. They have lost much, but they have not yet lost all. They can be thankful for small mercies!

Let us, however, waive the question of whether the Government, true to its Socialist professions, has confiscated too large or too small a part of some men's inheritance and other men's earnings. And, as I may seem a prejudiced jurymen, I must admit that it has regularly taken, year after year, the bulk of mine. Yet, as its predecessor did so before it, albeit in wartime, I cannot justly condemn it on that score alone. It is only fair to judge it, not on the fact that it has taken so large a part of what I and others have earned, but on the way in which it has spent it. No one can deny that it has been

extortionate: it was itself pledged to the hilt to be so. But has it been a good husband of that which it has extorted?

Something, indeed much, even a prejudiced opponent must admit, there is to show for that vast private confiscation and equally vast public expenditure. Millions are better clad, better shod and better looked after in ill-health and misfortune than they were before the war. That is a great gain. I cannot say that, by and large, they appear to be better fed and housed. If some are—and some must be—far more people, I should say, are worse fed and worse housed than in 1939. That, of course, is not wholly the Government's fault; Britain would have had to face a grave shortage of food and of houses after its war expenditure and losses whatever Government had been in power. And as far as food is concerned, the count for and against the present Administration is possibly even. On the one hand, as every business man knows and as every Conservative is quick to point out, the Government's method of buying food from abroad has not been happy and—inevitably, considering the public nature of the buying and the unfitness of official buyers for the quick give-and-take of the market—has resulted in the country having to do with less foreign food at an unnecessarily high cost. A British Civil Servant in the commodity exchanges of the world is like an elephant in a ballet; he does his best, but it is a poor one. And the present Government must take the blame of its doctrinaire and unrealist supposition that Civil Servants can do everything better than anyone else. Like other men, they can do their own job very well—many of them superlatively well. But buying and selling in the open market is not their job. Their whole training, experience and prescribed methods unfit them for it.

On the other side of the count, in the all-important business of feeding the nation the Government has not, I suspect, done too badly. It has probably done more to increase the productivity of British agriculture than any peacetime Government for a century—not that the standard set in this by earlier peacetime Governments was a very high one. It is true, too, that if it had not done so we should all be very hungry by now, and if we were

hungry, that its chance of survival would be small. And, perhaps, if another Government now succeeds it, it will do still better in this: I hope so. Yet the historian, I think, will note that in the economic dilemma in which Britain, as a result of its immense sacrifices for human freedom, was placed after the Second World War, its Government, though inexperienced and in many matters unrealist, pursued in its agricultural policy a course of wisdom and statesmanship.

I doubt if an impartial future historian will say the same about housing. Great though the difficulties have been of solving this problem—one quite as terrifying in its long-term results as that of pre-war unemployment and, in its effects on the coming generation, even more so—considerably more, I feel, might have been done. In two respects, which can be judged by any reasonably observant man who has lived in England for the past six years, the Government appears to have failed. It has neglected to put first things first and to recognise that the housing of the people—the essential prerequisite of a happy and creative family life—is more important than the administrative requirements of an expanding bureaucracy, suffering in some of its departments at least from *folie de grandeur*. It is difficult to escape a suspicion that more high-level attention has been given to the housing of files and typewriters than to the housing of mothers and babies. And the Government, though it proudly, and in some respects with great justice, calls itself Labour, has failed to evoke from those who build and

repair houses the vigour, dynamic urgency and enthusiasm that such a great task should have commanded. Whether the men whose craft it is to build houses for their fellow-men would have built them with a greater speed and zest under another Government is a matter of opinion: all one can say with certainty is that they have shown surprisingly little enthusiasm for so all-important a work under the present one. If the D-day beaches had been attacked with men as little imbued with the offensive spirit as those who have been engaged during the past six years on building homes for the rising generation, Hitler's Western Wall would still remain unbreached. In this the Government stands

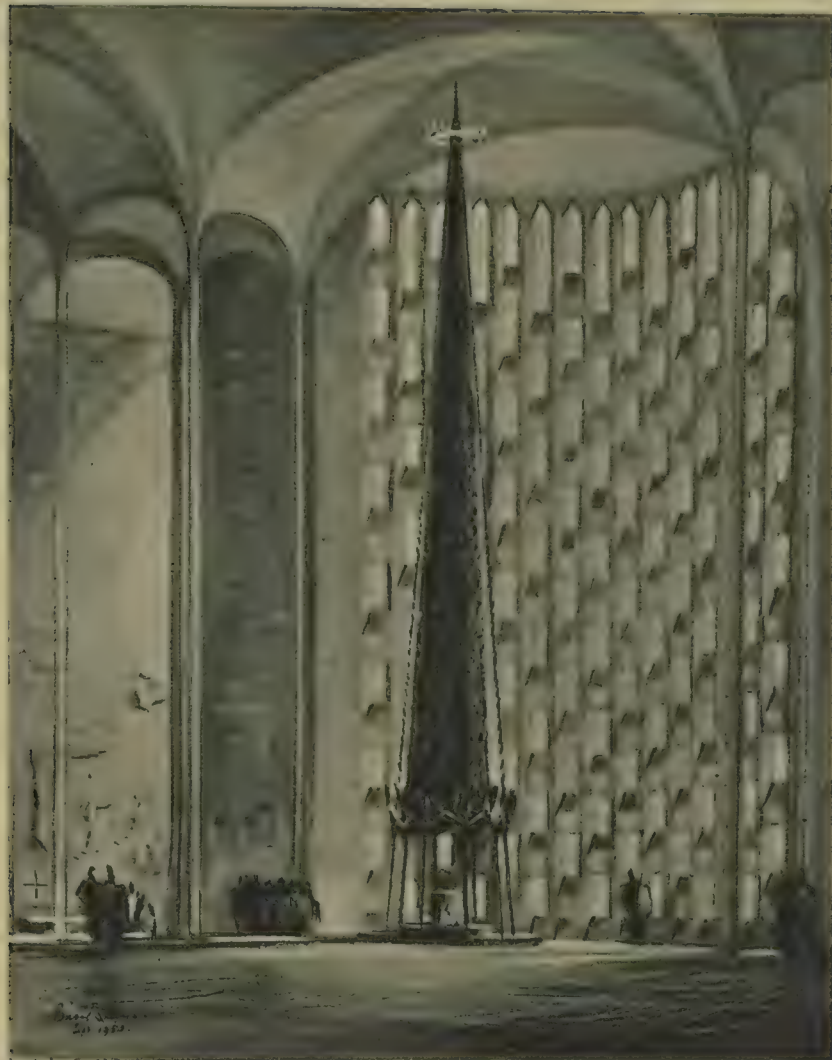
condemned by a hard test but an essential one—inability to inspire those who look to it for leadership and on whose response the future of the nation depends.

But whether the shortcomings of the Government in the domestic sphere are regarded by posterity as greater than its achievements—and among the latter must be reckoned an immense amount of very real and desperately needed, if perilously slow, popular education, including self-education, in the realities of the national political, strategic and economic situation—I cannot believe that over its conduct of foreign affairs its reputation will stand high. Its handling of the Persian affair, whether on the score of failure to be firm or failure to conciliate, has presented a spectacle of ineffectiveness that it would be hard to parallel in our annals. If British prestige has been enhanced in any other country by the policy we have pursued, it would be interesting to learn in which one. We have been simultaneously braggart in word and timid in deed, mean and dilatory when magnanimity and a timely appreciation of changing circumstances were called for, and pathetically eager to surrender everything, including self-respect, when a final decision had to be made. The mismanagement of the affairs of an overseas trading company—for failure to maintain the goodwill of the people among whom it operates is mismanagement—has been allowed to precipitate an entirely needless and possibly disastrous crisis in our already dangerous economic position, and to increase, immeasurably, the risk of a third world war. I do not know how the electors, most of them probably as insular and unimaginative as their parish-pump representatives, will view the events of the past summer in Teheran, Whitehall and Abadan. But I can well imagine how posterity, contemplating the chain of events to which it may so easily give rise, will judge it.

N.B.—The Illustrated London News is completely non-political in its Editorial policy, but its contributors are free to express their opinions without censorship or suppression. We wish to remind our readers that Dr. Arthur Bryant's views are specifically his own and in no way derive from Editorial suggestion or direction.



THE PRIZE-WINNING DESIGN FOR A NEW COVENTRY CATHEDRAL WHICH HAS GIVEN RISE TO MUCH CONTROVERSY: A NEW PERSPECTIVE DRAWING BY THE ARCHITECT, MR. BASIL SPENCE, SHOWING THE VIEW LOOKING NORTH FROM PRIORY STREET. The three assessors for the competition for the design of a new cathedral at Coventry announced on Aug. 15 that the winner was Mr. Basil Spence, F.R.I.B.A. Since then drawings of the prize-winning design have appeared in the Press and given rise to much controversy. In our issue of Sept. 1 we reproduced a drawing by Mr. Lawrence Wright for the architect, Mr. Basil Spence, showing the proposed building from the west. We now show on this page a new perspective drawing by Mr. Basil Spence of the view looking north from Priory Street, and on the facing page we reproduce four oil-paintings of the interior of the proposed cathedral which have been painted by the architect.



GIVEN SPECIAL IMPORTANCE IN THE ARCHITECT'S DESIGN FOR THE INTERIOR: THE FONT AND THE BAPTISTRY WINDOW. THE STAINED-GLASS WINDOW DEPICTS MANY SAINTS, ALL SHOWN IN CHILDHOOD.



AN UNUSUAL FEATURE OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL: ONE OF THE HALLOWING PLACES, CONTAINING SCULPTURE IN BOLD RELIEF REPRESENTING ASPECTS OF DAILY LIFE AND WORK.

Mr. Basil Spence, F.R.I.B.A., whose prize-winning design for a new Coventry Cathedral was reproduced in our issue of September 1, has now sent us a new perspective drawing of the proposed Cathedral, which can be seen on the facing page, and photographs of four oil paintings by him of the interior, which are shown above. Mr. Spence writes: "A message from the Bishop of Coventry and the Provost of the Cathedral instructed all architects, in the conditions for the Coventry Cathedral competition, that an altar should be conceived and a building created round it; that this should be a people's altar, and that it was to be the heart of the new Cathedral. This very stimulating and inspiring object is, therefore, the reason behind this design. Everything is intended to lead up to the one focal-point of the high altar and the great tapestry behind it depicting the Risen Christ. An unusual

THE NEW CATHEDRAL FOR COVENTRY: SOME OIL PAINTINGS OF THE INTERIOR.



LOOKING THROUGH THE NEW PORCH TOWARDS THE ALTAR! THE VIEW FROM THE OLD CATHEDRAL. THE PORCH IS SEPARATED FROM THE NAVE BY FIVE SCREENS OF CLEAR GLASS, WHICH CAN BE LOWERED.



THE FOCAL-POINT OF THE CATHEDRAL: THE HIGH ALTAR AND THE GREAT TAPESTRY BEHIND IT DEPICTING THE RISEN CHRIST. THE PULPIT AND SOME OF THE HALLOWING PLACES CAN ALSO BE SEEN.

condition was the requirement of a Chapel of Unity where all denominations could worship. On its charter are the signatures of high Church dignitaries of most denominations, including one representing the Chinese Methodist Church. The font, too, was given special importance, as this is the rebirth of a Cathedral after a great war, and, in the Church, the symbol of birth can be said to be the font. . . . The simple object must have a simple expression in the interior, and a vaulted nave in reinforced concrete rises to 75 ft., which is an average height for English cathedrals. This vault, a gift from our own age, is supported by slender columns only 1 ft. across, and the concrete is only a few inches thick, but is immensely strong because of its reinforcement and pre-stressing. The walls of the Cathedral, however, are in stone, unbolstered by steel or stiffened by concrete."

From oil paintings by Basil Spence, F.R.I.B.A.



THE PARTY LEADERS DURING THE PRE-ELECTION SERVICE: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. SEATED IN FRONT ARE THE PRIME MINISTER AND MRS. ATTLEE, MR. AND MRS. CHURCHILL, AND MR. AND MRS. CLEMENT DAVIES. MR. EDEN AND LORD WOOLTON CAN BE SEEN IN THE SECOND ROW (LEFT).



LEAVING ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: MR. AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL. IT WILL BE THE FIFTEENTH GENERAL ELECTION FOR MR. CHURCHILL, LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION SINCE 1945.



ARRIVING FOR THE SERVICE: MR. ANTHONY EDEN (RIGHT), DEPUTY LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY, AND MR. OLIVER LYTTELTON, ONE OF THE LEADING MEMBERS OF THE PARTY.



AFTER THE SERVICE: THE PRIME MINISTER AND MRS. ATTLEE. MR. ATTLEE HAS BEEN PRIME MINISTER AND FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY SINCE 1945.



LABOUR, CONSERVATIVE AND LIBERAL POLITICIANS GATHERED TOGETHER OUTSIDE ST. PAUL'S AFTER THE SERVICE: (L. TO R.) MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, MR. HUGH GAITSKELL, MR. HERBERT MORRISON, AND MR. AND MRS. CLEMENT DAVIES.

LEADERS and members of the three main political parties attended a pre-election service in St. Paul's Cathedral on October 4. Mr. and Mrs. Attlee, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and Mr. and Mrs. Clement Davies sat together in the front row before the chancel steps. Dr. Matthews, the Dean, read the Bidding; and Dr. Drummond A. Marcus, Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council, read the Lesson, taken, as last year, from the

(Continued below, left.



BEFORE ATTENDING THE PRE-ELECTION SERVICE: LORD AND LADY WOOLTON. LORD WOOLTON, A WARTIME MINISTER OF FOOD, IS CHAIRMAN OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

Continued.]

sixth chapter of St. Luke, telling the parable of the blind leading the blind. Dr. Wand, Bishop of London, led the Dedication. In his sermon, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, appealed for justice and forbearance in the direction of public affairs. He said that a time of grave anxiety, when there was so little

margin for mistakes, would seem to cry out for agreement among the best men of all parties upon a single policy, and a coalition to carry it through. But our national experience had made us hesitant about coalitions until they were inevitable. The politicians afterwards attended the Prorogation at Westminster.

AT ST. PAUL'S FOR A PRE-ELECTION DEDICATION SERVICE: POLITICAL LEADERS OF THE THREE MAIN PARTIES.



AN UNUSUAL CLOUD FORMATION OVER SOUTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND, AS SEEN FROM THE AIR.

New Zealand, owing to its geographical situation and its many mountainous regions with an almost sub-tropical climate, is noted for its fantastic cloud formations. The cloud shown on this page was noticed by Mr. Leo L. White, a well-known New Zealand aerial photographer, while on a flight with Mr. S. J. Blackmore, a veteran airman, when they were flying about 20 miles inland, near Middlemarch, in the South Island of New Zealand. Leading meteorologists consider the photograph he took to be one of the finest and most unusual cloud pictures they have seen, and one of them provided the following explanation of the formation: "The cloud observed can best be described as a lenticular billow cloud. It is, however, such an unusual formation that no similar illustration appears in any of the recognised cloud atlases. The physical processes underlying its formation are nevertheless the same as are commonly described in the formation of lenticular cloud. Clouds of this type are common over Canterbury and Otago provinces when the lower atmosphere is comparatively dry on the east coast of the South Island, and very moist on the west coast. They most commonly occur with *föhn* winds, which in the South Island are associated with the passage of a deep depression across the South Tasman Sea, preceded by very strong north-westerly winds. The meteorological situation which produced the cloud form illustrated differed from that normally producing the *föhn* wind, although the results were rather similar. A deep depression lay far south of New Zealand, with a cold front extending northwards from its centre oriented north-west to south-east across the South Island, moving to the north-east towards Dunedin at mid-day. An intense anticyclone was centred over the Tasman Sea and extended on to New Zealand, the isobars indicating a strong south-west to west-south-westerly pressure gradient over the South Island ahead of the cold front. The air mass was comparatively stable. At the time the photograph was taken the aircraft would be approximately 60 miles north of the cold front

and it is probable that the northward movement of this front increased the pressure gradient ahead of it and at the same time caused the westerlies aloft to back towards the north-west. This effect was enhanced by the formation of an orographical low-pressure area on the leeward side of the Southern Alps. This particular cloud was caused by the high north-westerly wind impinging on the westerly side of the Rock and Pillar range (in background) being deflected upward and over the high peaks. At the same time, the wind would be increased in velocity over the top of the peaks and would descend on the leeward side, before again carrying out a reflected upward movement. It is apparent from the photograph that a wave motion was commenced in the air by the obstructions, resulting in several billows of increasing wave-length. The cloud, in spite of the remarkable impression it gives of raging across the countryside, is stationary. This is apparent from the typical lens-shaped structures occurring throughout the cloud and the generally striated form indicates that the wind is actually blowing at high velocity through it. The front edge of the cloud marks part of the crest of an air billow, the coldest temperature in the billow occurring at the crest of the cloud. The crest of a second billow appears at top right of the photograph, where the cloud has the appearance of false cirrus and is at a very considerable height. The cloud is most dense in the middle of successive billows because of an increase in condensation there, and it thins out to the rear because of progressive evaporation. Individual droplets are quickly evaporated and the cloud form is only preserved through continuous condensation from renewed air deflected over the mountain. The evaporation taking place in the cloud is well shown in the clear space (upper right), where the wave motion is curved downward, causing dynamical heating. The alto-cumulus and altostratus cloud in the background is probably a forerunner of the advancing cold front. The small lenticular clouds in the distance (lower left) are formed by the same process as described above."

Aerial Photograph by Mr. Leo White, of Whites Aviation Ltd., New Zealand.



I SUPPOSE that of all the things which have captured the imagination of collectors of old furniture, a "pie-crust" table is among those which are considered the most desirable. They are rare enough, and from time to time some very peculiar specimens turn up in odd corners—pieces of which the tops do not belong to the lower portion, but have



FIG. 1. AN OUTSTANDINGLY FINE SPECIMEN OF A CHARACTERISTIC CHIPPENDALE STYLE: A MAHOGANY TRIPOD "PIE-CRUST" TABLE. Frank Davis writes of this piece that it is "as good a specimen of this characteristic Chippendale style as I have seen for a long time, and can presumably be dated about 1760."

Figs. 1, 2 and 3 reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Alfred Jowett.

been married to it since, for example. This is not always easy to detect if tripod and column and table-top are very near in colour, but a little thought will generally enable you to guess if something is wrong. One fairly sound rule is to be suspicious if the top is more than an inch or two wider than the area covered by the three feet. Another is to be no less suspicious if the "pie-crust" top is over a plain, unornamented base—such things were normally paid the compliment of fine, crisp carving on the baluster column and legs and feet.

The photograph in Fig. 1 happens to be taken at an angle which shows in great detail the construction of this sort of table and also the typical pattern of the "pie-crust" top and the carving below. It is as good a specimen of this characteristic Chippendale style as I have seen for a long time, and can presumably be dated about 1760. It was a short-lived fashion, and the shape of the top is found also in silver trays of about the same period. I often wonder whether furniture-makers took the idea from the silversmiths or vice versa, but nobody can tell me. Note the four small columns which support the top, and also the way in which the three legs curve down steeply, to spread out almost flat to the claw-and-ball feet. This is a small point, but if that "spread" is missing, the thing seems to lack a certain dignity—and such minor details mark the difference between the very fine and the ordinary. As for the shape of the top,

the pattern can vary slightly—more or less curves and indentations—but not very much. This border is, of course, not there merely for ornament, but fulfils the practical purpose of preventing cups and saucers sliding off. The other method used in the finest mahogany furniture of this decade to guard against domestic disaster was to place a fret or a carved gallery round the edge and this is seen to advantage in the gem of an urn-table of Fig. 2. This is an object of sober luxury which seems a little too fragile for use until you pick it up and discover that it stands as solid as a rock. The little sliding tray on the right is for the cup to stand on while it is being filled. Such a piece, with straight, tapering legs, would be pleasant enough in any collection; this, with its elegant carved and slightly curved legs so harmoniously supporting the upper part, seems to me something near a minor miracle.

I like to think I am a man of my word, and so I did my best to fulfil a promise I made to the owner of these two fine examples of English mahogany and of the no less admirable chair of Fig. 3 to call on him whenever I found myself in Yorkshire with an afternoon to spare. I made that promise, as near as I can remember, in 1937. I honoured it a few weeks ago, which shows how big the world is and how next to impossible it is to find time to do one-tenth of the things one wants to do. I have drawn your attention to the little table with its fret gallery. There is another table in the same collection—a circular one, and very much bigger—with a carved and pierced gallery which modern cabinet-makers confess baffles them; they do not know how its intricate convolutions were carried out.

Now please look carefully at the two other illustrations on this page, Figs. 3 and 4. Fig. 3 is the finest Chippendale. Fig. 4, agreeable enough in its present setting, is definitely ordinary. It is always a little difficult to obtain photographs of commonplace pieces and compare them with the superlatively good—it is not quite fair on the owners of the former. In this case I am on safe ground. I can abuse this chair as much as I like and no one will be in the least offended. It happens to be my office chair. I regard it with affection, but I have no illusions about it—nor will you if you will take the trouble to study the details of the two. My chair belongs to that notable family of which Thomas Chippendale, once of Yorkshire and later of St. Martin's Lane, is the undisputed head, but it lacks the fine workmanship and the satisfying proportions of its better-bred neighbour. The refinement and much of the dignity of Mr. Jowett's chair have been niggled away. This is noticeable at



FIG. 3. AN ARISTOCRAT AMONG FURNITURE: AN ARMCHAIR IN THE AUTHENTIC CHIPPENDALE MANNER.

This chair exhibits "the real, the authentic Chippendale style of the 1760's, made for the best people" and forms an interesting comparison with its "poor relation" illustrated in Fig. 4.



FIG. 4. THE "POOR RELATION" OF THE CHIPPENDALE ARISTOCRAT: A MAHOGANY CHAIR ADAPTED TO HOMELY SURROUNDINGS.

This mahogany chair is the "poor relation" of the splendid piece illustrated in Fig. 3. "The refinement and much of the dignity of Mr. Jowett's chair have been niggled away."

the first casual glance, for the inch or two's difference in the width gives the latter an immense advantage. This point is clearly visible if you compare the distance in the two photographs between the centre splats and the arms on the right. The two splats are not unlike in character, and the pattern of my poor relation splat very pleasant, but how nicely adjusted to the

design and how neatly carved is the foliage in the upper portion of the other!—and how naturally and smoothly does this carving merge into the smooth expanse of the top rail! Owing to its additional width, this top rail is far more agreeable than if it had the slightly exaggerated curves of the smaller piece, and though the undecorated "ears" are not by any means bad, they are not, in my opinion, to be compared with the two carved "ears." The arms differ in their sweep and neither you nor I have any doubt as to which are the finer—even the small carved whorls at the ends are more crisp in Fig. 3. The more obvious differences are, of course, lower down—



FIG. 2. WITH A FRET GALLERY TO GUARD AGAINST DOMESTIC DISASTER: A MAHOGANY TEA URN-TABLE.

The pretty fret gallery round this elegant urn-table is to prevent cups and saucers falling off, and the little sliding tray on the right is for the cup to stand on while being filled. Although it looks fragile, it stands as solid as a rock.

four stretchers and straight, square legs in the one, no stretchers and the two carved cabriole legs ending in claw-and-ball feet and carved in the upper part with an acanthus pattern. These front legs are admirably proportioned and give the impression that no other shape would be possible for a chair of this dignified character. Here, then, in Fig. 3, you have the real, the authentic Chippendale style of the 1760's, made for the best people, and in Fig. 4, that same style ironed out, as it were, and adapted to suit more homely surroundings and lighter pockets.—Q.E.D. In a note about a Chippendale Exhibition at Temple Newsam in our issue of July 28, I spoke mainly about the more unfamiliar work of Chippendale—that is, the fine cabinets he made to the designs of Robert Adam for Harewood House and Nostell Priory. On this page I am dealing with that phase of his successful career before he undertook these commissions. This is the style by which he is best known and I may have given the impression that due emphasis was not given to these more normal pieces. On the contrary, the exhibition was wonderfully complete, and among many other examples of the period were the three pieces illustrated here—not, I need scarcely add, my modest little poor relation of a chair, which has only crept into this page to point a moral and to demonstrate just how much better is the very good than the less good.



FIG. 1. A MASTERPIECE OF HELLENISTIC SILVERWARE DREDGED UP FROM THE RIVER MAAS AND RECENTLY CLEANED AND IDENTIFIED: A DRINKING-CUP, 4 INS. HIGH; DIAMETER 5 INS.

PROFESSOR ANNE VOLLGRAFF-ROES-writes: "Some years ago, near Stevensweert, in the south of Holland, a silver vase was dredged up from the River Maas. As the shape was unfamiliar and the metal, darkened by long submersion, was not recognised for silver, nobody paid much attention to it. One day, however, it was seen by Mr. L. Brom, a well-known silversmith, who at once recognised its importance. It is thanks to his keen eyes that this object (Figs. 1 and 2) will now at last take its place among the masterpieces of Hellenistic ornamental metal-work, where it stands almost unequalled both by virtue of its artistic qualities and of the amazing technique of its manufacture. In Hellenistic times, from about 300 B.C. onward, silver and gold vessels began to replace red-figured pottery vases as objects of luxury in Greek households. As a result, the art of vase-painting rapidly declined, while that of silver-working flourished. From the very shape of many Hellenistic pottery vessels we can see that the potters were simply imitating the metal vases which were the fashion of their day. Hellenistic silver plate was much sought by the Romans of the late republican period. Cicero, for example, vividly describes the way in which Verres, when Governor of Sicily, seized whatever beautiful plate he could lay his hands on in the island. There were rich families who still possessed considerable quantities of beautifully worked silver vessels when Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed in A.D. 79, but Pliny maintained that the art of working precious metals had already died out by that time. Though silver plate continued to be made for more than three centuries thereafter, the technique was no longer the same: the marvellous high relief of the Hellenistic ware was succeeded by decorations in low relief in a style that had lost all strength and originality. The decoration of Hellenistic vases was not entirely worked *au repoussé*: silver cups of the best period were cast in the *cire-perdue* process, after which the cast ornament was worked from both sides until finished. Because the wrought silver often became extremely thin in places and the cup would have been difficult to clean on the inside,

[Continued above, right.]

DREDGED BY CHANCE
FROM THE RIVER MAAS,
IN HOLLAND: A SUPERB
HELLENISTIC DRINKING-
CUP OF SILVER WROUGHT
WITH DIONYSIAC
EMBLEMS AND HEADS.



FIG. 2. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CUP SHOWN IN FIG. 1: THE HEADS ARE SEPARATED BY DIONYSIAC EMBLEMS. THE ROSETTES BELOW THE RIM ARE ALL DIFFERENT. THE INNER LINING CAN BE CLEARLY SEEN THROUGH THE BROKEN HOLE.



FIG. 3. A VIEW OF THE CUP WHICH SHOWS THE DELICACY AND PRECISION OF THE ORNAMENT: THE DECORATION ON THE LOWER PART IS OF IVY- AND VINE-LEAVES, BOTH OF WHICH WERE SACRED TO BACCHUS.

[Continued.]

it was always provided with a smooth lining cast in one piece with the rim (Figs. 1 and 2). As a rule, the handles were attached separately, and sometimes it even happened that no provision was made for them in the decoration of the surface. In our vessel, which is of the type called *kantharos* by the Greeks, the handles were, however, cast in one with the outer shell. This is not the only indication that we have to do with a piece of better than average quality: the decoration also speaks for it. Dionysiac in character, as was the fashion in Hellenistic times, this decoration includes as its chief feature a series of human heads (Figs. 1-4) all of which belong to the Bacchic cycle, as do also the attributes with which they alternate. But while most Bacchic cups are overcrowded with heads, masks and emblems, these elements are here used with great restraint and excellent taste. The single heads, small as they are, can bear a strong enlargement (Fig. 4). Two of them are lost, but the emblems accompanying them remain. Of all the rosettes below the rim no two are exactly alike. The lower half of the cup is decorated with two branches of ivy and two of the grape, both plants being sacred to Dionysos. Fig. 5 shows how delicately the small ivy-leaves were wrought. The handles, formed out of the projecting ends of the branches (Figs. 2 and 5), have already been cut off in antiquity. On the foot are three inscriptions, one of which, in Greek, dedicates the vessel to Zeus. In view of the fact that the cup must have been brought to Holland by a Roman, one might think of either southern Italy or Sicily as its place of origin. The second inscription fixes our choice upon Sicily, for it gives the owner's name as Marcus Titinius, a Roman officer known to have fought on that island in 104 B.C. Perhaps it had come into his possession as loot from a temple. Afterwards his name was erased, probably by a new owner, but the letters remain clearly visible. What happened to the cup after it had passed through his hands will always remain unknown and its fellow—for such drinking vessels used to be made in pairs—is probably lost for ever."



FIG. 4. A DETAIL OF THE CUP'S EXQUISITE DECORATION, SHOWING PROBABLY THE YOUTHFUL DIONYSUS, WREATHED IN LEAVES AND WITH A GARLANDED CLUB.



FIG. 5. A DETAIL OF THE IVY SPRAY ON THE LOWER PART OF THE CUP, SHOWING HOW THE THICK END OF THE STEM CARRIED ONE END OF THE HANDLE.

ON September 15 I flew to Germany to follow the B.A.O.R. manoeuvres, which lasted until the morning of the 23rd. I may say at once that I was right in my expectation that this time there would be something really worth seeing. For that reason I shall devote the majority of my space to appraisal rather than to a record of the mimic campaign. The cause of the war was supposed to be the deliberate aggression of a State called Redland, whose frontier with her peaceful neighbour Blue-land ran along a line including Bremen and Hamburg. Blue-land had drawn back her forces from the frontier in order not to prejudice negotiations which were going on, so that the aggressor was able to penetrate deeply unopposed. In any case, Blue-land was heavily outnumbered and condemned to an initial defensive while mobilising her reserve or territorial army. It was not, however, to be a static defence, and the Blue-land army commander had enjoined ripostes, small or big, as the situation permitted.

Blue-land forces, in fact, consisted of the I. Corps (7th and 11th Armoured Divisions), reinforced almost immediately by Belgian, Dutch and Norwegian contingents, each approximately a brigade. On the flanks of the I. Corps the other Blue-land formations were imaginary. This Corps, however, amounted to the same thing in reality as on paper. On Redland's side, the 2nd Division, with United States, French and Danish detachments, represented a much larger force, of at least two corps. In the air, Redland was given a real tactical air force of fifteen squadrons, including two Dutch, one Danish and one Belgian, whereas Blue-land had only a token force representing one nearly equivalent to Redland's. To summarise events as briefly as possible, Blue-land's forces advanced rapidly northward and engaged the enemy. Its minor thrusts were unsuccessful, and, discovering Redland's great superiority, the commander of Blue-land's I. Corps, aware that he must preserve it at all costs, decided to withdraw it behind the Aller. He succeeded in doing so, but Redland secured bridgeheads over the river, and after hard fighting, Blue-land was compelled to make another withdrawal, this time to a position from the north-western outskirts of Hanover due west to the Weser. Redland pushed on and attacked. It was, however, laid down by the controllers that the Redland army had suffered very heavy losses, particularly from air attack, and had outrun its reserves. On the 20th and 21st its attacks were held. And on the 22nd Blue-land's I. Corps launched the counterthrust which gave the exercise its name, reaching the Aller at one point early in the morning of Sunday, the 23rd. Then the exercise was brought to an end.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

"EXERCISE COUNTERTHRUST"

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

and small-arms fire. The most serious unreality, one admittedly hard to avoid in a daylight advance during an exercise, was the exposure of Blue-land's vehicles in the counter-offensive at the end. Their losses might have been crushing. Here it seemed to me that the 11th Armoured Division did better than the 7th, though a newer formation. Attacking infantry, mostly of allied contingents, but in one case at least British, were inclined to expose themselves recklessly.

Now I come to the more agreeable task of praise, from conception and control, through command, down to execution by the lowest sub-units and private soldiers. I could not attend the manoeuvres of the last two years, but every observer agreed that this year's were infinitely better. This improvement was largely due to the availability of stronger forces and better equipment. Hard training all through spring and summer also counted very highly, and as regards this point, I feel sure that the present Commander-in-Chief, General Sir John Harding, would agree in according some of the credit to his predecessor, General Sir Charles Keightley. Only well-commanded and

but they have as a rule reached a high standard of efficiency. I believe accidents on this small scale might have happened with long-service drivers, and that the troops are in fact to be congratulated on the retreat and the way in which the armour covered the infantry. On the new front I feel sure that the commander of the I. Corps, General Dudley Ward, would have been glad of an infantry division, but its lack is a weakness of the B.A.O.R., and not the fault of commanders or troops.

The Corps Commander, however, did his best to rest his two armoured brigades, withdrawing them behind the infantry: that is, the Norwegians, the two lorried infantry brigades of the armoured divisions, the Belgians and the Dutch. The Belgians he placed in a somewhat exposed position, the little town of Neustadt, well in advance of his main front. In this he was influenced by the fact that from Neustadt branched out two of the three main roads leading into his position between Hanover and the Steinhuder Meer, and connecting with a dense road network north-west of the city. It therefore seemed worth while to hang on to this place, despite the risk to the defenders, and in any case the 7th Armoured Brigade was well situated to support the Belgians in case of need. I paid a visit to the Belgian Brigade in Neustadt and found its dispositions and the realism put into their defence work most impressive. It is true that there were a few men standing aimlessly about—there always are on an exercise—but the

great majority knew their tasks and the town was prepared for all-round defence as it would have been by good troops in war. I should say that the Belgians were among the best infantry engaged in the exercise.

The questions asked by many people about Blue-land's final counter-offensive were whether it would have been practicable in such circumstances in real war and, if not, whether there was any danger of its creating false optimism. It was quite clear that General Sir John Harding sensed these doubts. He defended his scheme by the plea—I do not recall his words, and I hope I am not misrepresenting his argument—that the aims of an exercise are to test and provide experience, including visual experience, and that these ought to be reached even if the procedure slightly strains probabilities. If I have rightly interpreted the Commander-in-Chief's meaning, then I consider that he was justified in directing the exercise to this conclusion. There may have been some unreality in the counterstroke, but it is an extraordinary argument that if in an exercise troops are told that the enemy is battered and weary it will do them any harm to launch a counter-offensive against him. The matter of the exposure of vehicles to air attack which I mentioned at the



AFTER MAKING A LIGHTNING RAID BEHIND THE LINES: SPECIAL SERVICE TROOPS LINING UP PRISONERS AGAINST A BARN WALL DURING "EXERCISE COUNTERTHRUST." IN ACTUAL WARFARE THESE SPECIAL SERVICE TROOPS WOULD BE DROPPED BY PARACHUTE.



"I SHOULD SAY THAT THE BELGIANS WERE AMONG THE BEST INFANTRY ENGAGED IN THE EXERCISE": TROOPS OF THE BELGIAN BRIGADE ABOUT TO LAUNCH THEIR COUNTER-ATTACK AGAINST THE ADVANCING "REDLAND" FORCES DURING "EXERCISE COUNTERTHRUST."

well-trained troops could have carried out the withdrawal across the Aller with so little fuss and virtually no mishaps on the night of September 16. The two armoured divisions are equipped with *Centurions*; the night was dark and wet; the four bridges were none of them particularly good. Yet the armoured and lorried infantry brigades got safely into their positions by first light. The Redland forces also showed enterprise in pursuit.

September 18 was a day on which both sides gave a good account of themselves. The front was too wide for it to be possible to watch fighting everywhere, but I got a very good view of operations on that of the 11th

Armoured Division. Its 91st Lorried Infantry Brigade came under heavy pressure from Redland's forces which had crossed the river, and the 33rd Armoured Brigade had to make a lateral movement to its support in thickly wooded country. I do not know how this difficult operation could have been better carried out. It is true that modern communications give a brigade commander a close grip upon his troops—in the old days, runners would have been searching the forest and probably losing themselves—but it still falls to the squadron leader or even the troop leader to make the moves. Here the leadership all through was really good. Redland's 2nd Division, widely dispersed and hard worked because it stood for such a great body of troops, was also well handled on this day, and indeed I think throughout, though I saw relatively little of it. One always finds it more interesting to follow the fortunes of the combatant at full strength rather than those of the skeleton.

Blue-land's next withdrawal was again, as to be expected, made by night. This time trouble occurred. Several tanks went off the narrow, slippery road and became bogged in very soft ground. A big diversion had to be made, but the troops reached their new positions well before daylight. Critics will at once ask whether the drivers were at fault. I can hardly be expected to answer that question positively, but I incline to the belief that they were not. Most of the tank drivers are, of course, National Service men,



STARTING TO DIG TRENCHES ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF WALSDRODE: TROOPS OF A BRITISH INFANTRY DIVISION FIGHTING WITH THE "REDLAND" FORCES IN THE RECENT B.A.O.R. MANOEUVRES. ON THE LEFT IS A M.26 45-TON TANK BELONGING TO THE U.S. DETACHMENT FIGHTING WITH THE "REDLAND" FORCES.

It appeared to me that in the main the scheme was very well conceived and approached the conditions of warfare as closely as possible. I have no objection to the chief artificiality, which was that the opposing air forces were both supposed to possess full liberty of action—both sides having air superiority, as it were—and so could disregard each other in seeking their targets. I will begin by touching upon what in the circumstances were the surprisingly small weaknesses and then deal with the far more numerous features deserving commendation. Whereas concealment from the air, in country which favoured it, was excellently carried out, dispersion was not. That is to say, while a unit or a headquarters would screen itself very well in a woodland, in some cases it remained bunched, so that, if the enemy's air forces did spot it, it became liable to heavy loss. Perhaps some officers had forgotten the conditions of early phases of the late war, in which the enemy possessed air superiority and British troops were subjected to damaging attacks from which it took their morale a long time to recover. Sometimes bivouac fires were lit in the woods too early, without realisation of the fact that a plume of smoke in the half-light is a better guide to aircraft than the glow of a fire in the dark. On the other hand, attacking aircraft dived too persistently just above the house-tops and tree-tops. In war they would have to confine such exploits to special occasions; otherwise, even if not shot down, they would suffer excessive damage from light flak

beginning of my article has no relation to General Harding's decision, though both relate to the same phase of the exercise.

I find no space for all I meant to write. I should have saved more for the air forces. The aerobatics of the *Meleors* and *Vampires* were most spectacular. Air Vice-Marshal Sir Harry Broadhurst said that the enthusiastic pilots were all the time pressing to fly more sorties than the two *per diem* considered enough for a man flying a *Meteor*, and that when they had flown three they wanted to fly four. The machinery of Army-Air co-operation, after a slightly shaky start, worked well. This is a fascinating technique, but so complex that a few words could not do it justice. The same may be said of the "Maintenance Area," the chief modern administrative development. Of this I can only say that the whole organisation of supply was carried out as it would be in war, except that injured men were very properly taken straight to hospital. Some of my most interesting hours were passed with the Corps Maintenance Area. I can but mention the presence of parachutists, special service troops, agents, and German transport companies. Though the men rarely got much sleep and there was a good deal of rain, the exercise seemed to give pleasure to all concerned. The most heartening reflection created by this week's work is that we have at last got a real army in the B.A.O.R., even though it is still a very small one. It will be a better army for this exercise.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF CANADA: TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS BY RAIL, AIR AND SEA.



THE TEN-CAR ROYAL TRAIN IN WHICH PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WILL TRAVEL ACROSS CANADA.



THE LINER IN WHICH THE ROYAL COUPLE WILL RETURN TO ENGLAND: THE *EMPERESS OF SCOTLAND*, FLAGSHIP OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.



INSIDE THE ROYAL TRAIN: A CORNER OF THE SITTING-ROOM. A MAP CHARTING THE COURSE OF THE TOUR HANGS ON THE WALL.



THE DINING-ROOM OF THE ROYAL TRAIN, WHICH SEATS TWELVE PEOPLE. IN THE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE SITTING-ROOM OF THE SAME CAR.



TESTING THE TELEPHONE IN THE *CANADAIR*, IN WHICH THE ROYAL COUPLE WILL TRAVEL: WING COMMANDER TRICKETT, WHO WILL BE IN COMMAND.



IN THE SPECIAL LOUNGE OF THE FOUR-ENGINE *CANADAIR* IN WHICH THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES WILL TRAVEL IN CANADA: WING COMMANDER TRICKETT AND SERGT. A. J. BOOTH.

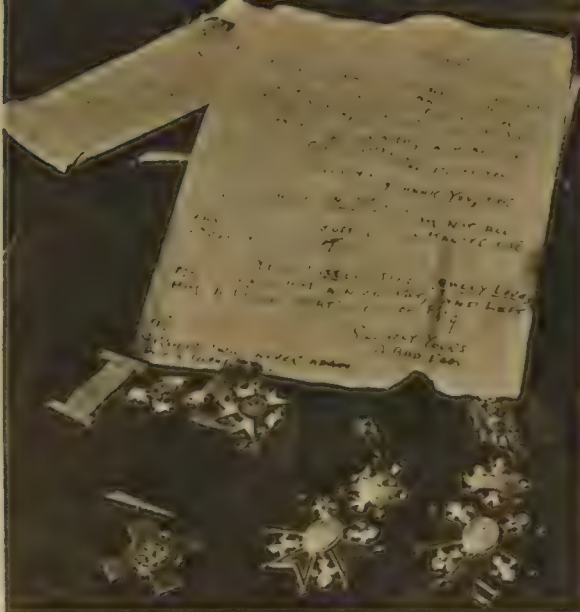
A booklet issued by the Canadian Government on the eve of the departure of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh for Canada showed the final programme of arrangements for the visit. The original programme had been adapted in all its details to the altered time schedule made necessary by the week's delay in starting the tour. The train in which the Royal couple are to make a large part of their tour was waiting for them at Dorval to take them

to Quebec, where the tour was to officially start as originally arranged. Their Royal Highnesses will visit about seventy cities, towns and small communities. They will go west to Vancouver Island and, after being the guests of President and Mrs. Truman, east to the Maritime Provinces. Before they sail for home on November 12, they will have travelled by train, by car and in aircraft of the R.C.A.F. and ships of the Royal Canadian Navy.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: NEWS EVENTS FROM ALL QUARTERS.



FLYING SWALLOWS OVER THE ALPS IN AN AIRLINER: MRS. KAGERMYR HANDING OVER A CAGE TO THE AIR HOSTESS.
In answer to an appeal by the Munich League for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which Mrs. Kagermyr is director, the Scandinavian Airlines System is to fly swallows, too weak to fly across the Alps in the autumn migration, from Germany across the Mediterranean to Cairo.



STOLEN AND LATER RETURNED WITH A LETTER: MEDALS WON BY MRS. ODETTE CHURCHILL AND HER HUSBAND.
The George Cross and other decorations awarded to Mrs. Odette Churchill and her husband, Captain Peter Churchill, which were stolen from their home in Kensington, were returned anonymously through the post two days later. The letter was addressed to Madame Brailly, Mrs. Churchill's mother, and ended "Sincerely Yours A Bad Egg."

A MISCELLANY OF THE OLD AND THE NEW IN PICTURES.



A NEW BOY AT HARROW: CROWN PRINCE HUSSEIN OF JORDAN, ELDER SON OF KING TALAL, IN SCHOOL UNIFORM.

Crown Prince Hussein of Jordan, the sixteen-year-old eldest son of King Talal of Jordan, is now at school at Harrow. His cousin, King Feisal of Iraq, is also at school there. Crown Prince Hussein, who has been at the English College, Alexandria, already has a good knowledge of English.

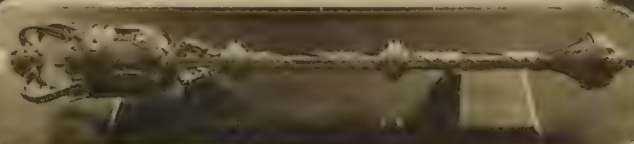


SCHEDULED AS AN ANCIENT MONUMENT, BUT IN DANGER OF DEMOLITION: THE ANCIENT MARKET CROSS AT CASTLE COMBE, WILTSHIRE.

The ancient market cross at Castle Combe, Wiltshire, which is scheduled as an ancient monument, is urgently in need of repair. The cost is estimated at £550, a sum impossible to raise in the village, and an appeal has been issued for subscriptions. If the full amount cannot be raised, it is stated that the Cross may have to be demolished.



TO BE PRESENTED TO THE SPEAKER OF THE NEW ZEALAND PARLIAMENT AS A GIFT FROM THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR, MADE OF ENGLISH OAK.



TO BE PRESENTED TO THE AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT TO MARK THE JUBILEE OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA: A MACE.
A Speaker's Chair, made of English oak and covered in English hide, is now on the way to New Zealand to be presented to the Speaker of the New Zealand Government. It was designed and made by a London firm. A mace is being presented to the Australian Parliament as a token of the goodwill of the British Parliament and people.



DISCOVERED DURING DEMOLITION OF THE BOMBED LIBRARY OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: A ROW OF NORMAN COLUMNS OF ABOUT 1080.

It was reported on October 1 that during demolition of the bombed library of Canterbury Cathedral, prior to rebuilding, a row of Norman columns had been discovered which once supported part of the vault beneath the great dormitory built by Archbishop Lanfranc about the year 1080. The dormitory was partly demolished after the dissolution of the monastery in 1540.



EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS MOTOR SHOW: THE BIMOBILE PIAP, IN WHICH ECONOMY HAS BEEN STUDIED: THE TWO-CYLINDER 2 (FISCAL)-H.P. AUTOMOBILE WEIGHS ABOUT 380 LB.

The long, low, open two-seater car *Le Sabre* displayed at the Paris Motor Show by General Motors, incorporates many new features which are to be tried out. The 12-to-1 compression ratio of the engine demands at present two kinds of fuel, kept in separate tanks in the rear wings. A sensitive



LE SABRE, AN EXPERIMENTAL CAR BUILT BY GENERAL MOTORS, WHICH WAS ON VIEW AT THE PARIS MOTOR SHOW: IT IS SAID TO INCORPORATE MANY NEW FEATURES, TO BE TRIED OUT.
patch of upholstery automatically sets in motion the hood-raising mechanism when it rains. The rules of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders do not permit the exhibition of individual cars of this kind at Earls Court, so it will not be seen at the London Motor Show on October 17.

THE HARRINGAY "HORSE OF THE YEAR" SHOW.



"THE LEADING SHOW JUMPER OF THE YEAR": MISS DOROTHY PAGET'S *EFOREGIT*, RIDDEN BY MR. C. BEARD, ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE HARRINGAY SHOW.



VISCOUNT KEMSLEY SHAKING HANDS WITH LIEUT.-COLONEL LEWIS, ON *HACK ON*, WHILE PRESENTING TO HIM THE DAILY GRAPHIC CUP FOR INTERNATIONAL JUMPING.

SOME LEADING HORSES AND THEIR RIDERS.



COLONEL LLEWELLYN, ON *FOXHUNTER*, IN THE FRED FOSTER MEMORIAL TEST JUMPING OR *PUISSANCE*, WHICH HE WON IN A LONG STRUGGLE FROM THE CHEVALIER D'ORGEIX.



THE CHEVALIER D'ORGEIX AND Mlle. CANCRE AFTER WINNING THE *EVENING NEWS* PAIR RELAY JUMPING, THEY ALSO WON THE HARRINGAY SPURS.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PRESENTING THE TROPHY FOR THE "SHOW HACK OF THE YEAR," WON BY MRS. PHELPS PENRY'S *FESTIVAL MAID* (MR. GEORGE BROWN UP).



COLONEL LLEWELLYN ON *MONTY*, ON WHICH HE WON THE COUNTRY LIFE INTERNATIONAL JUMPING COMPETITION, RECEIVING THE CUP FROM LADY NEWNES.



RECEIVING FROM THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK THE TROPHY FOR "THE LEADING SHOW HUNTER OF THE YEAR": MR. J. DALY, ON MR. COOPER'S *MIGHTY ATOM*.



MISS PAT SMYTHE, ON *PRINCE HAL*, JUMPING IN THE DIANA STAKES INTERNATIONAL LADIES' JUMPING COMPETITION, WHICH SHE WON. Mlle. CANCRE WAS SECOND.



MR. S. HAYES, ON *GALWAY BOY*, RECEIVING THE DAILY TELEGRAPH CUP—A PERPETUAL CHALLENGE CUP FOR JUMPING UNDER F.E.I. RULES.

So successful was last year's "Horse of the Year" Show at Harringay, and so many were the entrants for this year, that the number of days was extended to four. The first day was Wednesday, October 3, and the evening session of the Thursday show was honoured by the attendance of the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, in one of their last public engagements before leaving for their postponed Canadian Tour. The show concluded on Saturday, October 6,

and the last session was marked by a very large audience. In the jumping the French competitors have run us very close and the biggest winners and so the winners of this year's Harringay Spurs were the Chevalier d'Orgeix and Mlle. Cancre. Perhaps the most impressive event was the Fred Foster Memorial *Puissance* jumping of October 4, which Colonel Llewellyn on *Foxhunter* finally won from the Chevalier d'Orgeix on *Arlequin D*.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

**MR. T. HUMPHREY BROOKE.**

Elected Secretary of the Royal Academy on October 1, Mr. Humphrey Brooke will succeed to the post when Sir Walter Lamb retires at the end of the year. He became assistant keeper at the Public Record Office, 1937, transferred to the Tate Gallery in 1946, and in 1949 went to the Ministry of Town and Country Planning. He is thirty-seven years of age.

**DR. D. A. ALLAN.**

The Director of the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh, since 1945, Dr. D. A. Allan has had the decoration of Knight of the Order of the Dannebrog conferred on him by the King of Denmark for furthering the knowledge of Danish culture in Great Britain. He is Vice-President, Royal Scottish Geographical Society, and was awarded the Medal of the Royal Society of Arts, 1949.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO CANADA: THE CREW OF THE B.O.A.C. STRATOCRUISER IN WHICH PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LEFT LONDON ON OCTOBER 8. The crew chosen for the *Stratocruiser* in which Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh left London Airport for Canada at 12.30 a.m. on October 8 were Captain O. P. Jones, senior B.O.A.C. pilot; Miss Jean Gordon, stewardess; Captain A. Hughes, second captain; Captain G. Slocombe, first officer; Mr. H. A. Doughton, navigation officer; Mr. E. L. W. Hagger, radio officer; Mr. B. O. Draper and Mr. R. W. Holmes, engineer officers; Mr. E. Smith, Mr. J. Jarvis and Mr. E. Elbourne, first, second and third stewards (l. to r.).

**COLONEL D. CLIFTON BROWN.**

Has retired from the House of Commons, where he has been Speaker since 1943, when he succeeded Mr. Speaker FitzRoy. He is seventy-two, and the last Parliament imposed a most severe strain upon him. He has been Conservative M.P. for Hexham, except for a break of a year, since 1918. He was Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons from 1938 to 1943.

**LORD WINTERTON.**

Has retired from the House of Commons after having served there for forty-seven years, and having been "Father" of the House since 1945. Lord Winterton has been Conservative M.P. for Horsham since 1904. Born in 1883, he succeeded his father as sixth Earl in 1907. He has held various Ministerial appointments and was a member of the Cabinet from 1938 to 1939.



AT "OPERATION JUPITER": (L. TO R.) M. BIDAULT, GENERAL GUILLAUME, GENERAL JUIN, GENERAL NOIRET. The French 1st Army's autumn manoeuvres, "Operation Jupiter," ended on September 30 after three days of mock warfare. "Jupiter" forces, including 45,000 men of the newly formed U.S. V. Corps, crossed the Rhine at seven points and encircled a "Redland" force represented by skeleton U.S. and French detachments.



CELEBRATING THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY ON OCTOBER 2: LORD AND LADY PETHICK-LAWRENCE.



AT THE SUFFRAGETTE FELLOWSHIP DINNER IN HONOUR OF LORD AND LADY PETHICK-LAWRENCE: SIX SUFFRAGETTES. On October 2 the Suffragette Fellowship and Women's Freedom League gave a dinner in London for Lord and Lady Pethick-Lawrence, pioneers of the suffrage movement, who were celebrating their golden wedding anniversary. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Miss J. Barrowman; Miss A. Flatman; Miss C. Marsh; Miss A. Munro; Miss M. Phillips; and Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.

**AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN LONDON ON OCTOBER 4:****GENERAL DE LATRE DE TASSIGNY.**

General de Latre de Tassigny, French High Commissioner and C-in-C. in Indo-China, arrived in London from Paris on October 4 for a visit of three or four days at the invitation of the British Chiefs of Staff. He had previously visited America and conferred with the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff on the subject of more U.S. aid for operations in Indo-China.

**STUDYING A MAP AT S.I.L.A.P.E. HEADQUARTERS: FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY (RIGHT) AND GENERAL JUIN.**

Our photograph shows General Juin, of the French Army, who recently took up his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the land forces in Central Europe, studying a map at Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers in Europe, near Roquencourt, with Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, who is deputy Supreme Allied Commander in Europe.

**MR. D. L. BUSK, C.M.G.**

Appointed British Ambassador to Ethiopia, Mr. D. L. Busk has been H.M. Inspector of Foreign Service Establishments since 1948. He joined the Diplomatic Service in 1929, and became Counsellor in 1946. He has served in the Foreign Office, and in Europe and the East.

**THE HON. SIR JASPER RIDLEY.**

Died on Oct. 1, aged 64, Sir Jasper was Chairman of Coutts and Co., and of the National Provincial Bank and a director of other banks. An authority on art, he was Chairman of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery and a Trustee of the British Museum. He was also an expert on livestock.

**AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN JAPAN, ON SEPTEMBER 28:**

GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY, WITH GENERAL RIDGWAY (RIGHT). During his five-day visit to the Far East, General Omar Bradley, Chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, held conferences with General Ridgway, U.N. Supreme Commander in Tokyo, and spent two days with General Ridgway and General Van Fleet in Korea. He was accompanied by Mr. Charles Bohlen, State Department Russian expert.

YOUTH IN THE NEWS: ROYAL CHILDREN, AND GENERAL FRANCO'S GRANDDAUGHTER.



ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM BALMORAL: PRINCE CHARLES, HOLDING PRINCESS ANNE IN HIS ARMS, LOOKING OUT OF THE TRAIN WINDOW.

Prince Charles and Princess Anne, in charge of Nurse Helen Lightbody, left Balmoral on October 2 for an overnight return to London. When the train reached Aberdeen, Prince Charles was seen peering out of the window, clasping Princess Anne in his arms so that she might have a good view.



IN THE GROUNDS OF BRAMSHILL PARK, BASINGSTOKE: EX-KING MICHAEL OF RUMANIA WITH HIS WIFE AND TWO DAUGHTERS, PRINCESS MARGUERITE AND PRINCESS HELENE. During the summer, ex-King Michael of Rumania and his wife, Princess Anne, have been living at Bramshill Park, Basingstoke. Our photograph shows them with their two little daughters, Princess Marguerite, born in March, 1949, and Princess Helene, who is nearly a year old.



WAVING GOOD-BYE TO PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS ANNE: A SMALL GIRL AT ABERDEEN STATION WHO GAVE A SKIPPING DISPLAY WHICH DELIGHTED THE YOUNG PRINCE.



PROUDLY HOLDING HIS YOUNG GRANDDAUGHTER IN HIS ARMS: GENERAL FRANCO, HEAD OF THE SPANISH STATE, AT HIS SUMMER RESIDENCE NEAR LA CORUNA. General Franco has been spending a holiday with his family at his summer residence near La Coruna. Our photograph shows him with his little granddaughter, who was born on February 26 last, and is the daughter of his only child, Carmen, the Marquesa de Villaverde.



PROFESSOR JACQUES BARZUN, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Professor Barzun was born in Paris in 1907 and went to the United States in 1919, and became a naturalised citizen of that country in 1933. Since 1927 he has been a lecturer in history at Columbia University, his special period being the nineteenth century. His books include: "Of Human Freedom" (1939), "Darwin, Marx, Wagner" (1941), "Romanticism and the Modern Ego" (1943) and "Teacher in America" (1945).

predicted Wagner; Paganini said of him: "You begin where the others have ended." In his



BERLIOZ IN 1832, BY SIGNOL. "THUS I SAW HIM SIX YEARS AGO FOR THE FIRST TIME—AND THUS I SHALL SEE HIM IN MY MIND FOREVER" (HEINE—1837).

reaction against his father he resembled Shelley; in his violent romanticism (he wrote "Harold in Italy") he had an affinity with Byron. But he had a great deal more sense than either Shelley or Byron; and, in spite of his unhappy marriages, his aquiline profile, and his great mop of hair, he did, in the end, succeed in imposing himself on Europe as a composer, a conductor and a man. He was born in 1803 and died in 1869. When he was young in Paris, his father having cut supplies off because he wouldn't be a doctor of medicine, he had a hard time. It is many years since I have read Berlioz's "Autobiography," but (if my memory can be trusted) there were times when, sustained by the tremendous themes within him, he kept going, homeless, by eating raisins and a crust of bread, at the base of one of the numerous statues in Paris which celebrate the achievements of men who died before he was born, and no longer craved the encouragement of which he was sadly in need. Mr. Barzun is right in linking him with "The Romantic Century"—though it wasn't quite a century, and ended in *fin de siècle*. There was in his blood and bone the great uprush of Utopianism which led to the American Revolution and produced modern America, and which led to the French Revolution which produced Laval.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!

wrote the young Wordsworth about his memories of the false dawn of the French Revolution; I remember the lines being quoted by Bonar Law in the House of Commons when news of the Russian Revolution first reached these shores. "E dunno where 'e are," which was the theme of a popular song, passed through my mind at the time. We

THE ROMANTIC COMPOSER "PAR EXCELLENCE."

"BERLIOZ AND THE ROMANTIC CENTURY"; by JACQUES BARZUN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

certainly don't know where we are, at this moment, after a further dose of this vague trustful optimism.

But I wander from my subject. And the reason that I wander is that this prodigious great book is too large and too fully annotated for me. Had Mr. Barzun, who is a Frenchman long settled in an American University, written a small book about Berlioz, stating his case for Berlioz in a terse and clean-cut way, after the French manner, I should have been able to welcome his book with enthusiasm and agree with most of it. But, long ago, he migrated to an American University; the American educational system was long ago modelled on the German; and the Frank in this book has been so overlain by the Teuton, with his solemn determination to record every fact within reach, and his firm conviction that every fact may be equal in value to every other fact, that poor Berlioz is smothered.

The intention is well enough. The author is convinced that justice has never been done to Berlioz. He sets out on a mission on behalf of Berlioz. Berlioz transformed music: "One has only to read in Berlioz's life about the musical conditions of Paris in 1830, of the Germanies in 1840, of London in the fifties, and by comparing what he found with what he left to obtain the measure of his accomplishment. Though he was alone when he launched his attack against Italian opera and parlour songs and began his crusade in behalf of Beethoven and modern music, he was ultimately seconded by a small army of coadjutors, from Liszt and Wagner in the thirties to Saint-Saëns and the Russians in the sixties, all of whom had their awakening or drew their inspiration from Berlioz." To this he adds in a footnote a quotation from that excellent writer and incorrigible Wagnerian Mr. Ernest Newman: "In those seven years [1827 to 1834] he had not only said things that music had never uttered before, but he, and he alone, had brought French music, at a bound, into line with all the new work that was being done in poetry, in prose, and in art."

I need no convincing. I feel most at home with the older, quieter music, but I must in honesty admit that the violence of Berlioz has made me shudder and march, and that I have been snatched away into new worlds by his use of instrumental tones. But if Berlioz were Shakespeare himself I should find these huge tomes difficult to swallow; and I think that the impetuous Berlioz, impatient and mercurial, would have been driven to frenzy had somebody

compelled him to read them. There are nearly eleven hundred pages of them; and they are too thorough for words. In a chronological table we are told the dates of Eric Satie's birth, and of the composition of the "Blue Danube," and the deaths of Sainte-Beuve and Lamartine; we are even confronted with the fact that the first private hearing of "Les Troyens" took place in the same year as the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species." Well, all things, to these labouring evolutionary scientists, may perhaps be related to all other things; they must trace their trends and these trends must be all-embracing. At this moment, when I am admitting that I have had just too much of a book about a composer who has always fascinated me, the last of the British are getting out of Abadan, their clergyman's vestments are being detained by the Persians (who have always liked pretty things), their dogs have all been slaughtered (as they dare not leave them to the local tender mercies)



BERLIOZ IN 1867, TWO YEARS BEFORE HIS DEATH ON MARCH 8, 1869. "... GAZING WITH WEARINESS, WITH COMPASSION, WITH DIGNITY, ON THE ALIEN WORLD" (RALPH WOOD).

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Berlioz and the Romantic Century," by courtesy of the publisher, Victor Gollancz, Ltd.

and their houses are being looted. Some industrious scholar of the future may link all these facts together; but I honestly don't think that that would make any sense. Had the British Government made a firm stand at Abadan I don't think my opinion of this book would have been any different. Mr. Barzun and his school of historians would probably not agree. They are all so aware of the *Zeitgeist*.

I don't think that Berlioz was. He was an individualist if ever there was one; and if he seems to be the product of his time it was because the men of his time were also individualists, experimenting and going off on their own.

He was one of the most remarkable of them all and, to-day, there is a resurgence of his music, which is full of heart and head, passion and intellect, knowledge and experiment. And perhaps a great book like this may prove useful, in an encyclopædic way, to those who want to know the smallest details about his life, fortunes and misfortunes. But to a lover of that romantic and his music, this book, although inspired by the strongest of propagandist motives, will hardly become a bedside companion. It can be waded through once, and may be referred to later; but it can hardly be read through twice.

"I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him," was the old line. Mr. Barzun, with the best will in the world, has come to praise Berlioz, but has done his inadvertent best to bury him. However, one must respect his desire to do justice to one who has never had justice yet from the world at large. The few have never made any mistake about him. He was one of the most remarkable spirits who have ever tried to express themselves in music.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 596 of this issue.



"NOTHING LIKE THE REQUIEM HAD EVER BEEN HEARD BY HUMAN EARS": BERLIOZ'S REQUIEM, BY FANTIN-LATOURE.

In December, 1837, Paris first heard Berlioz's great *Requiem* or *Grand Mass for the Dead*, and "no one in Paris who was capable of exercising judgment could doubt that this new music was something to reckon with." Professor Barzun says that for the *Requiem* Berlioz always felt a special regard and "two years before his death he declared that if all his works were to be ordered burned, he would ask grace for the *Requiem*."

* "Berlioz and the Romantic Century." By Jacques Barzun. Illustrated. (Victor Gollancz: 2 Vols.; £3 3s.)

A TRAGIC LOSS TO MALAYA: THE ASSASSINATION OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER.



MURDERED BY COMMUNIST TERRORISTS ON OCTOBER 6: SIR HENRY GURNEY, HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR THE FEDERATION OF MALAYA, SINCE 1948, WITH LADY GURNEY.



THE VIEW FROM THE SPOT WHENCE THE ASSASSINS DIRECTED THEIR FIRE ON THE CONVOY: THE CROSS MARKS WHERE THE CAR WAS HALTED, AND THE ARROW INDICATES THE DIRECTION SIR HENRY GURNEY TOOK WHEN HE GOT OUT.



SHOWING BULLET-HOLES WITH WHICH THE BODY WAS RIDDLED, AND THE TWO PLACES WHERE THE WINDSCREEN WAS PIERCED: THE CAR AFTER THE ATTACK.

The murder of Sir Henry Gurney, British High Commissioner in Malaya, has shocked the world, and he is a grievous loss. He was travelling by road with Lady Gurney and his private secretary to Fraser's Hill, some 70 miles north of Kuala Lumpur, on October 6, when his car and police escort were ambushed. Fire was concentrated on the High Commissioner's car, bearing his insignia, for he never sought safety by travelling incognito, the driver was wounded and the vehicle halted. Sir Henry stepped out, drawing the fire away from his wife, and was killed instantly. Notes left by a bandit indicated that the road had been watched for two days, and it is thought that over thirty terrorists took part in the attack,



WITH SIR HENRY GURNEY'S WALKING-STICK LYING WHERE HE LEFT IT: THE INTERIOR OF THE CAR AFTER THE ATTACK. A BULLET PIERCED THE BACK SEAT OF THE VEHICLE.

using light machine-guns and rifles, fired from dominating positions. Sir Henry Gurney had, during his three years as High Commissioner, done admirable work, and his courage, wisdom and calmness made him universally loved and respected. He was formerly Chief Secretary to the Palestine Government and had previously served in the Colonial Service in Africa. Six Malay police and Sir Henry's Malay driver were wounded in the attack, and his private secretary, who was with Lady Gurney in the back of the car, received minor injuries. British and Gurkha troops and police began an immediate search for the assassins; and a Day of Mourning was declared in Malaya and Singapore.



AN "ECONOMIC DUNKIRK": THE BRITISH STAFF LEAVE ABADAN, SHOWING PERSIAN NAVAL LAUNCHES TRANSFERRING PASSENGERS TO THE CRUISER MAURITIUS (LEFT) AND, ABOVE, AN AIRLINER FLYING OUT NURSES.

The culminating scene in one of the most humiliating episodes of British history took place on October 3, when the British staff at the Abadan refinery, having been told to stand fast by the British Government and then left without support in the face of expulsion orders which they could not resist alone, were embarked in the

cruiser *Mauritius* and taken to Basra. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company had intended to ferry the members of its staff out to the cruiser in its own launches, but the Persian Minister of War prevented this and the evacuation was carried out by a shuttle service operated by three Persian Navy launches. By 1 p.m. all were aboard

and at high tide *Mauritius* cast off, with the ship's band playing, leaving a great industry built up by British enterprise and financed with British capital in the hands of the Persians. The evacuation was watched by General Riahi, Dr. Fallah and Mr. Abbas Mazda, of the nationalised oil board, together with Persian military and

civil officials. The British area was guarded by strong detachments of Persian troops. The Foreign Minister's (Mr. Herbert Morrison) statement that the feelings of the staff weighed with the Government in deciding to evacuate them has been criticised by many of those who have returned to Britain.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, FROM A DESCRIPTION GIVEN BY MR. A. C. J. CREASEY, MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ABADAN BRITISH HOSPITAL.



LYING OFF ABADAN WHILE TAKING ABOARD MEMBERS OF THE ANGLO-IRANIAN COMPANY'S STAFF: THE BRITISH CRUISER *MAURITIUS*, WHICH LATER SAILED FOR BASRA.



BACK IN BRITAIN: MR. K. B. ROSS, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ABADAN REFINERY (CENTRE), WITH MR. A. E. MASON (RIGHT) AT LONDON AIRPORT.



A LAST LOOK AT ABADAN: MEMBERS OF THE ANGLO-IRANIAN COMPANY'S STAFF ABOARD THE CRUISER *MAURITIUS*, EN ROUTE FOR BASRA ACCOMPANIED BY TUGS OF THE BRITISH TANKER COMPANY FLYING THE RED ENSIGN; SHOWING THE CHIMNEYS OF THE REFINERY ON LEFT.

On October 3 about 280 members of the Anglo-Iranian Company's staff at Abadan were taken aboard the British cruiser *Mauritius*, which had been lying off the refinery, leaving behind ten British officials who were due to leave by car for Basra on the following day. The evacuation was completed by 1 p.m. and the cruiser cast off, with the ship's band playing, and sailed for Basra accompanied by five tugs of the British Tanker Company flying the Red Ensign. A

party of forty left for Britain by air the same morning. Among the first arrivals in Britain from Abadan were Mr. K. B. Ross, general manager of the Abadan refinery, and Mr. A. E. Mason, the acting general manager in Persia. Mr. Mason stated: "When the final letters of expulsion were received individually by members of the British staff, there was no more resistance we could usefully offer . . . the Persians were determined we should leave on October 4."

THE ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL DISPUTE: EVACUATION SCENES, AND THE JUBILANT DR. MOUSSADEK.



THE MAN WHO HAS TWISTED THE BRITISH LION'S TAIL: DR. MOUSSADEK IN A JUBILANT MOOD, ACKNOWLEDGING THE WELCOME OF HIS SUPPORTERS.



ON THE WAY TO ATTEND THE SECURITY COUNCIL'S DISCUSSION OF THE OIL DISPUTE: DR. MOUSSADEK ASSISTED FROM HIS AIRCRAFT IN ROME.



OUT—BAG AND BAGGAGE: THE SCENE IN ABADAN DURING THE EVACUATION OF BRITISH STAFF, SHOWING HAND LUGGAGE READY TO BE TAKEN ABOARD MAURITIUS.



THE FIRST TO RETURN HOME: NURSES FROM THE HOSPITAL AT THE ABADAN REFINERY LEAVING THEIR AIRCRAFT AT LONDON AIRPORT ON OCTOBER 4.

On the night of October 4 the first aircraft bringing home employees of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company landed at London Airport. The passengers were nurses from the hospital at Abadan refinery and technicians, and they were met by Mr. Eric Drake, the Company's general manager. Miss K. Deeley, assistant matron of the hospital, said that there were 300 Persian patients in the hospital when the nurses left, and that some wept and all were upset. Dr. Moussadek, who has compelled the withdrawal of the British staff of the

Anglo-Iranian Oil Company from Persia by presenting individuals with an ultimatum which they could not resist without the support of the British Government, left Teheran by air on October 7, accompanied by his son and daughter and ten advisers, to attend the Security Council's discussion of the Anglo-Persian oil dispute. He almost fainted as he walked to the aircraft, and was assisted from it when it landed in Rome. He is understood to have accepted an invitation from President Truman to visit Washington.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IN the early years of the present century I very nearly became a fruit-grower. Having spent three years working on fruit farms at the Cape, I returned to

England, toured the principal fruit-growing districts on a bicycle, and decided to buy land and plant apples. Fate, however, and a variety of circumstances, decided otherwise. Thank goodness they did. I bought land and grew Alpine and herbaceous plants instead.

A week or two ago Raymond Bush sent me a copy of his "Fruit Grower's Diary." It comprises the first four years of the diary, 1935 to 1938, now published in book form. Much of it I had read as it originally appeared in the *Countryman*, but I am delighted to have it now as a convenient bedside volume, grisly record though it is of all the trials and horrors that beset a fruit-grower in this country—or any other country, for that matter. And it makes me more thankful than ever that I abandoned that early enterprise. Fruit farming may sound a nice, quiet, peaceful country occupation. It's nothing of the kind. It is a state of perpetual warfare, from one year's end to another, every year, and year after year without end. Mostly it's chemical warfare, with occasional biological methods for a change. Orchards must be sprayed continually against codlin moth, capsid bug, assorted species of aphids, including the woolly variety, weevil, scab, scale, canker and black spot, to name only a few of the enemy. There are birds that steal or mutilate the crops, and mice that gnaw the roots of the trees. Then, too, there are gales, and hail, and late frosts to destroy crops, and bumper crops which make themselves an unsaleable drug on the market, not to mention unrestricted imports and—surely most exasperating of all—imports in times of plenty, imposed by fatuous, bureaucratic food experts, which make home supplies unsaleable. What a life! Grim record though much of the "Fruit Grower's Diary" is, it is not solely a tale of woe, and war, and tribulation. It is packed with entries which are of the greatest interest and value to the gardener, and the whole is spiced with items such as the enthusiastic lady gardener who used fish manure with wonderful results, but who couldn't for the life of her imagine how they collected the stuff.

In South Africa I had my fill of spraying fruit-trees and grease-banding their trunks. One particularly tedious task was fastening little body-belts of sacking round the trunks of the apples, and then, later, taking them off to destroy by hand the codlin moth larvæ. These bands were a favourite hiding-place for small scorpions, which lent a spice of adventure to the job. But even so, squatting down to tree after tree became tedious after the first thousand or so.

To-day I do precious little spraying in my own garden, and among my few fruit-trees. I grow and cultivate and prune them as well as I know how, and hope for the best. The results may not always be up to tip-top market standard, but they satisfy home needs. As to codlin moth, there is one particular standard apple-tree on which I actually welcome the pest. They advance my home-grown apple season by about a fortnight. It's a "Worcester Pearmain." Each summer a proportion of the crop, perhaps ten per cent., colour up and ripen, and fall, a week or two before the others. These are the apples into which the codlin moth larvæ have burrowed. It's an easy matter to cut them open and carve away the damaged part, and what remains always seems sweeter and better-flavoured than the undamaged fruit that comes later. This may be pure imagination on my part. But anyway, I am always grateful to the industrious little maggots for giving me each summer my first and earliest taste of home-grown apples.

Ants can be a great pest in the garden, especially when one has tea on the lawn. So often one chooses a place near an unnoticed ants' nest. They have a devilish trick of creeping to remote parts of one's anatomy before stabbing with what feels

GARDEN PESTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

like a red-hot needle. In the rock-garden they carry on an underground movement, tunnelling out their galleries amid the roots of the choicer Alpines, so that sudden collapse sets in and the plant is dead with often not a sign of an ant above ground. In the Alpine house I have

found them carrying off the ripe seeds of hardy cyclamen—which I was waiting to collect myself—and distributing them among pots and pans of other plants in the neighbourhood.

What they intended to do with these seeds I have no idea. But fortunately ants are easy to deal with. This summer I have liquidated several ants' nests by sprinkling them with an anti-ant powder, which is sold in a handy dredger tin. Whether it kills them or merely drives them away I do not know. I rather hope it's the latter, for in their proper place I like the little brutes. So often they have whiled away for me what would otherwise have been a tedious hour or two whilst I waited on some remote country platform—especially on the Continent—for one of those casual trains, which arrives—when God wills it.

Slugs I have already discussed in one of these articles, but I will repeat here that for slugs among choice plants there is no excuse, when they are so easy and satisfactory to destroy with Meta. A tablet of Meta finely powdered, mixed with bran or meal, and scattered around the plants which are to be saved, does its deadly work without more ado. Next morning slugs will be found lying around, most satisfactorily dead. During recent years bran has not been easy to come by—legally. But don't let that deter you. If it does, try tea-leaves. They make an excellent substitute.

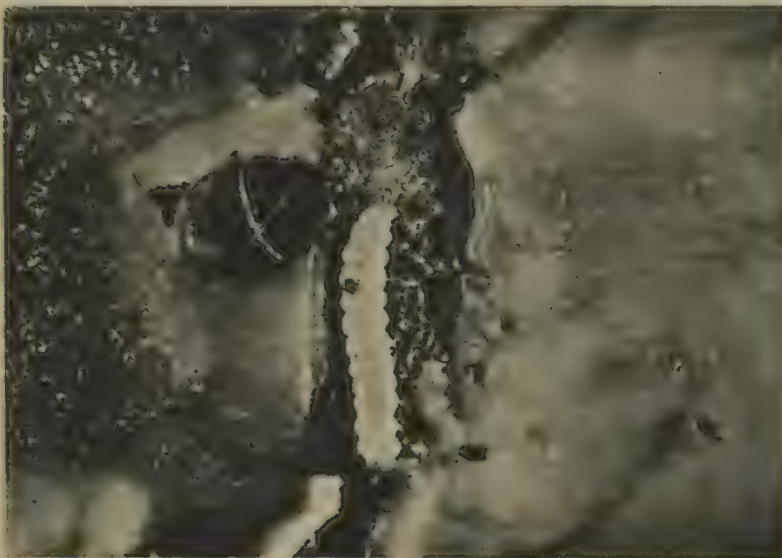
Town-dwellers are often pestered by tom-tits tearing open the soft metal caps of milk bottles as they sit on the doorstep in the early morning, and taking the cream. Rather to my surprise I found them doing the same thing here in the country. I should have thought that they would have found ample other scope for their genius for theft and destruction. We found, however, a simple way of foxing them. We put out 3-in. flower-pots, with which the milkman covers the milk bottles when he leaves them. In a neighbour's garden the tom-tits do worse than steal cream. They attack the sweet corn, tearing open the leaves that sheath the cobs and eating the sweet, juicy grain. So far, thank goodness, they have not discovered the delights of corn-on-the-cob in my own garden. If they do, I shall have to think up some truly devilish device to circumvent them. The theft of sweet corn cannot be tolerated. Another malefaction that tom-tits delight in is pecking pears at the neck as they hang on the tree. This causes the fruit to rot and decay prematurely. This year I have three fine specimens of pear "Doyenne de Comice," three only, on a young pyramid tree. I thought of trying the plan of smearing bird-lime on the branches on which tom-tits would perch to do their pecking. But I am experimenting with a simpler and cleaner method of my own invention. Others may have thought of it too. One's brightest ideas have almost always been anticipated. I have cut 3-in. discs of cardboard, each with a small hole in the centre, and a slit from edge to centre. By means of the slits I have slipped these discs on to the stalks of the hanging pears, so that they lie like flat umbrellas resting upon the necks of the fruit. If that does not defeat the tom-tits then they are even cleverer and wickeder birds than I could have imagined.

Human garden pests are fortunately comparatively rare. Perhaps the most tiresome is the type which goes round one's garden, looking at nothing, and concentrating on describing the wonders and triumphs of his own. Then there is the woman who apologises for the shortcomings of her borders and then, having explained how much better things were a week ago, adds, with an air of conscious originality—"but I'm afraid that's pure Ruth Draper." Worst pest of all, however, is the know-all who once went to the Alps. Of any plant in the rock-garden, no matter where it comes from, the Andes, the Himalayas, or sea-level in the Mediterranean, he boasts that he "saw it—masses of it—up at Zermatt in '31."

I have met this pest many, many times, and would gladly declare chemical warfare upon his whole tribe.



ONE OF THE NIGHTMARE CREATURES WHICH HAUNT A FRUIT-GROWER'S DREAMS: THE HEAD OF AN ADULT APPLE CAPSID BUG (MANY TIMES MAGNIFIED) WITH ITS TOXIN-BEARING STYLET POISED TO STRIKE. [A "Shell" photograph.]



"I AM ALWAYS GRATEFUL," SAYS MR. ELLIOTT, "TO THE INDUSTRIOUS LITTLE MAGGOTS FOR GIVING ME EACH SUMMER MY FIRST AND EARLIEST TASTE OF HOME-GROWN APPLES." A CODLIN MOTH LARVA, SNUGLY AT HOME IN THE CRYSTALLINE HEART OF AN APPLE. [A "Shell" photograph.]

"AN IDEAL GIFT"

THE annual problems of Christmas shopping will soon have to be solved. Those who find it difficult to select the ideal gift (especially for dispatch to friends overseas when the question of packing and other difficulties have to be considered) and seek something to give lasting pleasure and continually to remind the recipient of the affection that the donor feels for him or her, will find the answer in a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it, whether he be near at hand or far away. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)



ELECTION CAMPAIGN OVERTURE: PERSONALITIES, LEADERS AND AN ABSENTEE FROM THE FIGHT.



PREPARING THE POLITICAL BROADCAST FOR THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY WHICH SHE ARRANGED TO MAKE ON OCTOBER 11: MISS PATRICIA HORNSBY-SMITH, CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION AT CHISLEHURST.



THE CONSERVATIVE LEADER IN HIS COMMITTEE ROOMS: MR. CHURCHILL GIVING THE VICTORY SIGN FROM THE WINDOW, WHILE MRS. CHURCHILL WATCHES.



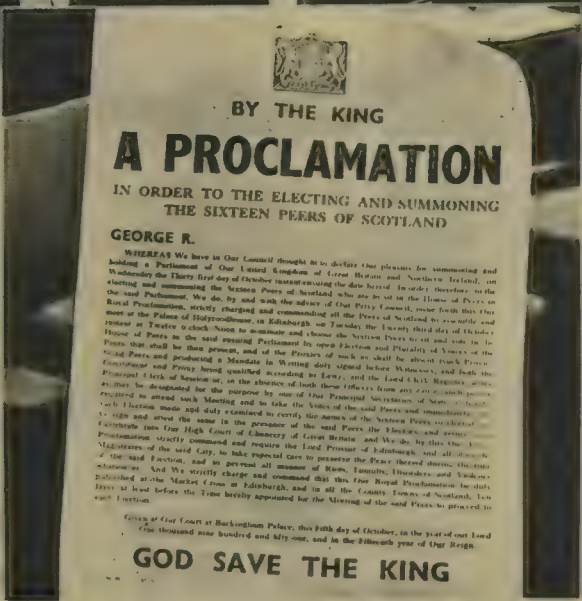
THE DEPUTY LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY, MR. ANTHONY EDEN, WHO IS TO GIVE A POLITICAL BROADCAST ON OCTOBER 19; WITH HIS SON NICHOLAS.



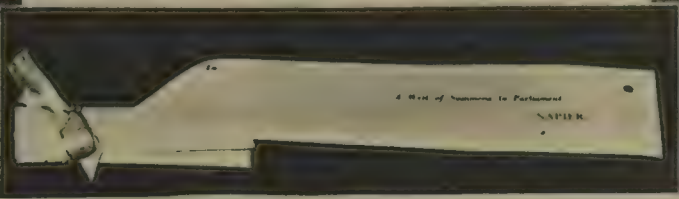
THE FORMER LABOUR CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER: SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, NOW CONVALESCENT, WITH LADY CRIPPS, RETURNS TO ENGLAND—BUT NOT TO POLITICS.



THE PROCLAMATION OF THE DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT ANNOUNCED TO LONDON: THE COMMON CRYER IS SEEN READING IT FROM THE STEPS OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.



THE TEXT OF THE PROCLAMATION DISSOLVING THE PARLIAMENT OF 1950-51: COPIES ARE DISTRIBUTED THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY FOR DISPLAY ON PUBLIC BUILDINGS.



WRITS OF SUMMONS TO PARLIAMENT: IN DUE COURSE THE WRITS OF SUMMONS TO THE UPPER HOUSE AT WESTMINSTER ARE COLLECTED BY EACH PEER IN PERSON.



PREPARING COPIES OF THE PROCLAMATION DISSOLVING PARLIAMENT FOR DISTRIBUTION: THEY ARE PASSED UNDER THE GREAT SEAL AT THE CROWN OFFICE, HOUSE OF LORDS.

The progress made by the King allowed him to sign the Proclamation dissolving the 1950-51 Parliament at a Privy Council in Buckingham Palace; and it was published in the *London Gazette* on October 5. He signed the main Proclamation, a duplicate for the Governor of Northern Ireland and a third summoning Scottish peers to meet to elect their representatives. These documents were passed under the Great Seal at the Crown Office, House of Lords. Copies of the main

Proclamation were made for distribution throughout the country, and that sent to the Lord Mayor of London was read from the Royal Exchange. Miss Herbison made a party political broadcast for the Labour Party on Oct. 6, and the Conservative leader, Mr. Churchill, arranged to speak on the radio on Oct. 8. At his adoption meeting at Loughton he spoke of the Persian crisis, and Mr. Eden, in the Town Hall, Leeds, on Oct. 6, also had grave words to say on the subject.

THE "GRENVILLE" COLLISION; A MOROCCO CEREMONY; AND OTHER ITEMS.



LYING AT PLYMOUTH AFTER THE COLLISION WITH AN ITALIAN MERCHANTMAN, WHICH STOVE IN HER STARBOARD SIDE: THE 1710-TON DESTROYER H.M.S. GRENVILLE.



"SETTING THE THAMES ON FIRE": AS "GOLDEN RAIN" POURS FROM ALBERT BRIDGE, FLARES ON RAFTS BEGIN TO FLOAT DOWNSTREAM ON THE THAMES. As a prelude to a firework display staged by the Festival Gardens authorities, on October 1, there was a spectacular display of "Setting the Thames on Fire," which consisted in a waterfall of "golden rain" from the Albert Bridge, together with the release of a number of flares mounted on rafts.



TO BRING TELEVISION TO THE NORTH OF ENGLAND: THE NEW MAST AND TRANSMITTING STATION AT HOLME MOSS, IN THE YORKSHIRE PENNINES. Our photograph shows the 750-ft. mast of the new B.B.C. television transmitting station at Holme Moss, in Yorkshire. The station, which was to be operating on October 12, is expected to raise the potential television audience by 11,000,000.



DETAIL OF THE DAMAGE TO H.M.S. GRENVILLE: THE STOVE-IN SIDE MEASURED BETWEEN 25 FT. AND 30 FT. AND A GUN TURRET WAS ALSO DAMAGED.

On the night of October 1-2, the "Ulster"-class destroyer H.M.S. *Grenville* (1710 tons) (Lieut.-Commander J. M. Cowling, R.N.), which was being used as an air training target-ship, and which had been accompanying the carrier H.M.S. *Theseus*, was involved in a collision 12 miles south-east of Start Point with an Italian merchant ship *Alceo* (6997 tons). Casualties in *Grenville* were five killed, two missing and one injured. Both vessels reached Plymouth under their own steam.



GENERAL GUILLAUME, THE NEW FRENCH RESIDENT GENERAL OF MOROCCO, SALUTING THE COLOURS AFTER HIS ARRIVAL AT RABAT ON OCTOBER 4.



GENERAL GUILLAUME (CENTRE) PARTAKES OF THE CEREMONIAL HOSPITALITY OF DATES AND MILK AT RABAT. LEFT (WITH A WHITE HOOD), THE PASHA OF RABAT.

On October 4 General Guillaume, the new Resident General of Morocco, arrived in Rabat in French Morocco, to take up his new post. He was received at the Royal Palace by the Sultan and heard an address of welcome from the Pasha of Rabat. After the various ceremonies of welcome, he made a ceremonial tour of Rabat.

RAIN-, GALE-, AND FILM-MAKING, AND DUCKS AND HORSE-RACING.



FILMING A GENEROUS GESTURE AND A HEROIC EXPLOIT: NAVAL RATINGS PARADED ALONGSIDE A SECTION OF H.M.S. CAMPBELTOWN, BUILT IN A STUDIO.

About 100 British naval ratings have been lent to take part in the making of a film called "The Gift Horse," based on the exploits of the destroyer *Campbeltown*, one of those transferred to the Navy by the U.S.A., which took part in the St. Nazaire raid of 1942.



WAITING TO HEAR THE NEWS OF THEIR FUTURE DESTINATION: SOME OF THE DUCKS AT THE SHOT TOWER LAKE IN THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION.

Among all the various discussions as to the future of the Dome of Discovery and where next the Skylon should raise its head, one problem of some interest and one untainted with commercialism has been—where should the ducks from the Shot Tower Lake go? It was learnt on October 8 that they had received a clean bill of health and were being transferred to various London parks.



(RIGHT.) SEASICKNESS TESTS IN A SWIMMING-BATH: SOME OF THE COVERED RAFTS IN WHICH 150 ARMY VOLUNTEERS UNDERWENT TESTS OF A NEW DRUG.

On October 6 there ended at the Portobello open-air swimming-pool, near Edinburgh, a series of tests of an anti-seasickness drug. The "guinea-pigs" in this experiment were 150 Army volunteers. Soldiers were used as being less likely to be inured to seasickness than sailors. The pool has wave-making apparatus and the "guinea pigs" lived in covered rafts. As a result it is hoped to produce a drug giving 95 per cent. immunity.



A NOVEL STARTING-GATE IN WHICH RACEHORSES ARE GIVEN AN EQUAL AND FLYING START: TWO VIEWS OF TESTS OF THE APPARATUS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

This American device consists, in brief, of a row of gated pens, in which the horses and their jockeys are inducted some 60 ft. behind the starting-point. The whole contraption is then towed forward at 4 m.p.h. until it reaches the starting-point, when all the gates open and (perhaps) all the horses start.



RAIN-MAKING THE LATEST WAY: A CHARCOAL-BURNER WHICH DISPERSES SILVER IODIDE PARTICLES FROM THE GROUND, INSTEAD OF FROM AIRCRAFT.

It is claimed that the silver iodide generator shown here has superseded the cloud-seeding method in which aircraft are used. This device, used by Dr. I. P. Krick in America, is a charcoal-burner, which, from the ground, disperses silver iodide particles upwards into cloud, which is thus induced to precipitate.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A SCIENTISTS' LEGEND.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

of the Sirenia make no reference to mermaids, a sufficient number do. The late W. P. Pycraft, in his "Random Gleanings," holds that the Sirenia may have contributed to the legend. Robert Hegner, in "Parade of the Animal Kingdom," quotes Nelson for the suggestion that their semi-human attitude in the water, together with their rounded bodies and fish-like tails, may have furnished a basis upon which the ancients constructed their legends of the mermaids. In "Wild Life of the World," Dr. Helen E. Bargmann remarks that, in the females, "the nipples are placed rather far forward . . . and this, together with the habit which the pup has of sheltering under the mother's flipper, points to the origin of the old mariners' stories and legends of mermaids." More recently, Professor J. Z. Young, in "The Life of the Vertebrates," says: "The young are born in the water and nursed

words, have produced one of their own legends. Lecturers in universities, guide-lecturers in museums, even specialists in the study of the Sirenia, repeat these things, writers place them on permanent record. And we all accept them, until someone decides to show the sea-cows in their true colours in a museum and succeeds in planting a doubt in our minds. Most certainly it is difficult to believe, as we look at those incredibly grotesque heads, that anyone, superstitious mariner or anyone else, could have been so misled.

The history of mermaids itself is on our side. To begin with, the name itself is derived from *mere*, a lake; and there is reason to suppose that mermaids were originally believed to live in lakes. Then, again, the Chinese mermaids, probably among the earliest in the field of this legend, had no tails, but were beautiful, white-skinned beings that spent their time weaving—and weeping pearls. The addition of a tail, though it took place in very early times, seems to post-date the earliest of

the mermaid stories. The Babylonian Oannes, the Phœnician Dagon and the Greek Nereus had tails, and if any known animal added to the foundations of the story, it is much more probable, as has often been suggested, that seals contributed to the idea of a tailed mermaid. At least the face of a seal is not unattractive. It is certainly difficult to imagine that Ulysses should need to be tied to the mast of his ship as a counter to the fascinating ways or appearance of either the dugong or the manatee.

The dugong, if not the manatee, has been hunted since the earliest times. It is easily approached and harpooned from an open boat, and its flesh is very palatable. Indeed, it is precisely the combination of these factors

which threatens its very existence to-day, in spite of measures for its protection. So far as the mermaid legend is concerned, we may say that anything so readily approached, and especially one killed for food and therefore inspected at close range, is unlikely to be surrounded with an air of mystery.

In any case, the legend of the mermaid goes back into the mists of antiquity and seems to have arisen, in part at least, not only remote from the sea itself, but in countries remote from the dugong's beat, or from that of the manatee. Like all other ancient legends, however, it probably has a multiple origin, and has been added to in sundry places and at diverse times. The only tangible evidence that I can find for associating the dugong at all with the legend is that picture postcards of the dugong, sold to tourists in the Middle East, purport to be photographs of the original mermaid. For the rest, it looks as if some such phrase as "may have furnished a basis for the legend," has given rise, by uncritical repetition, to "it has produced some of the legends."

IN an obscure corner of the Whale Hall at the British Museum (Natural History) is an exhibit which, strictly speaking, has nothing to do with whales or with the order Cetacea. It comprises three specimens only, a skeleton of the extinct Steller's sea-cow, and the stuffed and mounted skins of a dugong and a manatee. Whether it was that the lighting in that corner was less effective than elsewhere in the Hall, or whether it was that the exhibit was overshadowed by the 80-ft. model of the blue whale and the other leviathans slung from the ceiling, that group of three held little attraction for visitors. At least, it has always seemed to me that visitors did not linger by it. Yet it is an important and interesting group. The story of Steller's sea-cow has been recently told on this page (February 3, 1951), and we need merely recall that this skeleton is a rare and melancholy relic of a species that became extinct in the eighteenth century. The skins of the dugong and the manatee are, also, not without their interest, indeed, one may say romance, for both these animals are in severe decline, and it may well be that in the not distant future the order Sirenia, including the dugongs and manatees, will have vanished from the face of the earth.

The story of the Sirenia is probably sufficiently familiar; but it was not the natural history or even the melancholy history of these animals that drew my attention. It was the result of an innovation in display technique. Whereas the skins of the dugong and the manatee used to be dingy and dull, they now appear full of life. They have been restored and treated, so that the hide glistens, not inappropriately in the skins of two aquatic animals. Most striking of all is, however, the result of giving them their natural

colours. It has made all the difference. The exhibit now lives, and its corner seems less ill-lit. The first time I saw the specimens in their restored condition was on a day recently when I was walking round the Whale Hall with my artist friend, Neave Parker, who never seems to be without his camera. At my suggestion he "shot" the sea-cows, to add their pictures to his already considerable library of animal photographs. It was while helping him to select the angles from which to photograph the beasts that I took more notice than usual of their physiognomy, and was impelled to exclaim: "And these are the things that are supposed to have given rise to the mermaid story!"

There is a great advantage in seeking to set one's thoughts down on paper. It tends to clarify the mind. I have often heard it said, and I myself have often said it, too, that the Sirenia are believed to have given rise to the story of mermaids. Now that I come to write this, however, it seems imperative to check it. Although many of the books in treating



FOUND AROUND THE WEST INDIES AND ALONG THE AMERICAN COAST FROM FLORIDA TO BRAZIL: THE MANATEE, WHICH GROWS TO A LENGTH OF 8 FT.—ANOTHER SPECIES INHABITS THE CORRESPONDING COAST OF WEST AFRICA.

The sea-cows (Sirenia) include the dugongs and manatees, as well as the extinct Steller's sea-cow. Although having some superficial resemblances to the smaller whales their internal anatomy is more nearly that of the elephants. The dugong, more especially, is often associated with the legendary mermaid, but the evidence for its having been responsible for the origin of the mermaid story is slender. Looking at these photographs it is difficult to believe that anyone could have mistaken these animals for the beautiful sirens of mythology. The manatee, although normally marine, will ascend the larger rivers, such as the Amazon, almost to their sources. Its body resembles in shape that of a dolphin or porpoise, and the horizontal tail-flukes and the absence of hind limbs heighten the resemblance. A remarkable feature of the Sirenia is the upper lip formed of two swollen bristly pads, by which aquatic plants are gathered into the mouth, to be squeezed and pressed by the horny plates where the incisors should be. [Photographs by Neave Parker.]

at the pectoral teats, which habit, with other features, has produced some of the legends of mermaids." A number of others could be quoted in like strain.

Looking at the restored skins in the British Museum, I find an inclination to agree with Pycraft's further remark: "I have seen many 'plain' women, but never yet one quite so 'plain' as the face of a dugong! As compared with the human body, the body of the dugong . . . is the personification of ungainly ugliness." To underline his remarks he included a picture of the beautiful mermaid of Greek legend alongside one of the ungainly dugong. They have nothing in common. Pycraft's attitude is shared by Hegner, who, in the work quoted, comments drily that no self-respecting mermaid would feel flattered to know that the sea-cow probably served as a basis for her origin.

It seems that we have here one of those not infrequent cases where scientists, by uncritical quoting or copying of earlier writers, accompanied by slight but unconscious twisting of phrase and alteration of

SEVENTY YEARS OF DECORATIVE ART: AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



THE "ADELPHI" ROOM: A DISPLAY ARRANGED ROUND A CEILING AND CHIMNEY-PIECE FROM GARRICK'S HOUSE, WITH FURNITURE AND A CARPET IN KEEPING.



THE AGE OF CHIPPENDALE: CHAIRS AFTER HIS DESIGNS IN HIGH ROCOCO STYLE. THE CHAMBER ORGAN CASE (BACKGROUND) WAS DESIGNED BY HIM.



THE AGE OF SHERATON AND HEPPLEWHITE: THIS GRACEFUL COLLECTION OF FURNITURE IS MOSTLY CARRIED OUT IN SATINWOOD, PAINTED OR INLAID.

Four newly-arranged galleries at the Victoria and Albert Museum illustrate the history of the decorative arts, especially furniture, in England from the mid-eighteenth century to the death of George III. (c 1750-1820). Exuberant fancy and fertile invention are seen gradually succumbing to a classical discipline. The first gallery reflects the high rococo style, as carried out under the paramount influence of Chippendale, and enriched by two subsidiary streams, the Gothic,



THE CHINESE TASTE WHICH ENRICHED ROCOCO FANTASY: THE PAGODA-LIKE BEDSTEAD FROM BADMINTON MADE BY CHIPPENDALE FOR THE FOURTH DUKE OF BEAUFORT.



THE REGENCY ROOM. THE LIBRARY TABLE IN THE FOREGROUND IS CARVED WITH EMBLEMS OF ARCHITECTURE, MUSIC, ETC. THE BUST OF DR. JOHNSON IS BY NOLLEKENS.

peculiar to England, and the Chinese, which was international. The classical revival, always associated with the Adam brothers—notably Robert—dates from early in George III.'s reign. This is recaptured in the "Adelphi" room, which contains pieces from Adam's own designs. At the end of the century the English Regency style appeared, with decoration derived from "the best antique examples" of Roman, Greek and Egyptian civilisations.

EVEREST APPROACHED FROM THE SOUTH·WEST: FIRST STAGES OF A NEW RECONNAISSANCE.



AT DHARAN, 30 MILES NORTH OF THE NEPALESE FRONTIER: COOLIES TAKING UP LOADS. THE MT. EVEREST RECONNAISSANCE EXPEDITION LED BY MR. ERIC SHIPTON LEFT JOGBANI BY LORRY—A PARTY OF EIGHTEEN MEN, WITH ONE TON OF LUGGAGE—ON AUGUST 27.



DIVIDING UP THE TON OF BAGGAGE OF THE MT. EVEREST EXPEDITION, LED BY MR. ERIC SHIPTON: AT DHARAN, FROM WHENCE THE FIRST MARCH STARTED IN SULTRY HEAT.



AT DHANKUTA, ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL TOWNS OF EASTERN NEPAL AND "A DELIGHTFUL PLACE": NEPALESE BOYS PLAYING FOOTBALL IN THE STREETS.



SHOWING THE TYPE OF HOUSES IN DHANKUTA, 4000 FT. UP IN THE FOOTHILLS WHERE MR. SHIPTON AND HIS COLLEAGUES MET THE NEPALESE HOME MINISTER AT DINNER WITH THE BARA HAKIM: A CLOSE-UP OF THE NEPALESE BOYS ENJOYING FOOTBALL.

ON September 22 we published photographs of Mt. Everest taken on a hitherto unrecorded solo flight, and noted that the reconnaissance party under Mr. Eric Shipton were to investigate the possibility of finding an alternative route to the summit from the Western Cwm up the hitherto unexplored south-western side, ascertain if snow conditions would preclude a post-monsoon attempt, and if great altitudes could be climbed in late autumn cold. We now give photographs of the first stages of the attempt. The party left Jogbani by lorry on Aug. 27 and recruited coolies at Dharan. Mr. Shipton wrote on Sept. 10 from Dingla as follows: "Namche Bazar is now nine or ten marches away if we are lucky with river crossings." So far, they had encountered only one side-stream in spate.

MT. EVEREST, HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD: A COMPOSITE VIEW OF WESTERN CWM AND NUP TSE FROM LHO LA, LOOKING TOWARDS SOLA KHUMBU, SHOWING THE GREAT ICE FALL.

Photographs by arrangement with "The Times."



A MEDIAEVAL ISLAMIC KINGDOM OFF THE TANGANYIKA COAST:

NEW DISCOVERIES IN THE RUINED CITIES OF THE KILWA ISLANDS.

By The REV. GERVASE MATHEW, Lecturer on Archaeology in the University of Oxford.

THE capital of the empire of Kilwa lay in a group of coral islands in the Indian Ocean, opposite to the coast of Tanganyika, south of the Ruviji delta and north of Lindi. At the greatest extent of their power, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the Kilwa kings would seem to have exercised an hegemony over the whole East African littoral, and to have maintained close cultural contacts with the Mamelukes in Egypt and the Bahmani in India; the chief importance of their city was as a commercial *entrepôt* lying across the trade routes to the north and east, a centre for the ivory trade to mediæval China and for the gold trade to the Mediterranean. Their dynasty was founded about 1285, most probably by a South Arab adventurer. It is gradually becoming possible to reconstruct something of their history by combining the confused traditions preserved in the Kilwa chronicles with the evidence of their coin inscriptions in rhymed couplets, fresh issued in each reign from the Kilwa mints. I have recently undertaken a preliminary expedition for the Tanganyika Government, to attempt to establish the dating of the existing ruins and to search for unrecorded sites on the islands. I was accompanied by Mr. John Moffat and by Mr. John Mitchell-Hedges, whose photographs illustrate this article—the first brief summary of our conclusions.

The approach to Kilwa harbour is dominated by the castle (Figs. 1 and 8). It contains mediæval stonework and may well be on the site of the early-fourteenth century citadel, but primarily it is the Fort of St. James, constructed hurriedly by the Portuguese after they had sacked the town in the summer of 1505. It remained a stronghold long after the town beneath it had decayed, it was refashioned and crenellated in the seventeenth century after the style of the Arab castles on the Persian Gulf, and at the end of the eighteenth century was seized, garrisoned and modernised by the Sultans of Oman.

On the rising ground to the south-east there are the ruins of the Friday mosque (Figs. 4 and 7), the largest yet known either in East Africa or in the



FIG. 2. PART OF THE VAULT OF THE SULTAN'S HAMMAN IN THE PALACE IN THE ISLAND OF SONGO MNARA, SHOWING SOME OF THE 100 GLAZED BOWLS INSET INTO THE VAULT AS ORNAMENT.

Western Indian Ocean, covering an area of approximately 136 ft. by 99 ft. It is still possible to distinguish two stages in the building, a square mosque of 66 ft. 4 ins. by 66 ft. 4 ins., subdivided with geometrical exactitude and with stone domes resting on pendentives, and then a large, rather clumsy extension in which the new area was covered in with wooden roofing resting on wooden pillars. Such literary evidence as remains suggests that it was built by the Sultan Suleiman, ibn Hassan (1302-1316), and that the extension and the restoration took place about 1410; the pottery finds on the site tend to support this dating.

Further along the slope there is a smaller domed mosque, elaborately ornate (Fig. 5). There is a minutely mathematical calculation of proportion in the six squares, each of 6 ft. 6 ins., the vaulting is carefully fluted and parts of the interior were re-vetted in pale-blue and pale-green glaze. Coins found on this site date from 1460 and from 1482-93, and

its open courtyard are flanked by great halls for audience or council. The maze of the women's quarters lies to the left of the entry. The fragments of charred mango poles in the wall sockets and the

it seems probable that the mosque itself is of the fifteenth century. Like the Kilwa coinage, it suggests links with late mediæval Cairo.

The palace (Fig. 6) is on the shore below the smaller mosque. It covers an area of approximately 90 ft. by 181 ft., and was at least three-storeyed. Two sides of



FIG. 1. THE HARBOUR OF KILWA ISLAND, OFF THE COAST OF TANGANYIKA, LOOKING FROM THE RUINS OF THE CASTLE, OVER THE HARBOUR TOWARDS THE PALACE.

This castle is probably on the site of an early fourteenth-century citadel, but the remains are principally those of the fort built by the Portuguese in 1505 A.D. and refashioned and crenellated in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

scorched and blackened plaster in the upper storey suggest that it was destroyed by fire. The style has obvious affinities with South Arabia. Chinese porcelain was in common use. I was able to locate the palace midden. It lies 10 ft. from the rear wall between it and the sea and 25 ft. north from the south-west corner. The lowest strata contained fragments of fifteenth-century type, in the highest there were shards that could be dated with some exactness between 1522 and 1566. Provisionally, I would suggest that the palace was built shortly before the sack of the city by the Portuguese in 1505 and burnt when it was sacked again by an unknown cannibal tribe in 1587. There is some evidence that a corner was restored and reoccupied by one of the Africanised chiefs in Kilwa in the eighteenth century.

A detached pavilion in the same style stands to the north-east. There are widely-scattered remains of substantial houses built of coral rag and considerable sections of the city walls. The site would repay extensive excavation. There are traces of human settlement from 1 ft. 6 ins. to 2 ft. 2 ins. below the surface, and among the objects collected by the expedition—coins, glazed pottery, glass, crystal, amber, carnelian and topaz—there are imports from South Arabia, Mesopotamia and Persia, China, Siam and Western India.

A country palace of the Kilwa kings still remains on Songo Mnara island, some miles to the south, where the deserted city is the most complete specimen of a mediæval Islamic town as yet discovered on any of the Indian Ocean islands. The mosque (Fig. 11), with its high-pointed arches and fluted demi-dome of its prayer niche, is built of lime concrete and dressed stone. It is by the entrance to the town and facing it across the well of the ablutions there is a square guard-house with its solid walls pierced by elaborately designed arrow-slits. The palace lies 30 yards behind it, linked to the mosque by a series of small rooms. The central block lies round an open courtyard (Fig. 9), at one end of which is a veranda roofed with small cupolas. The walls are from 12 to 15 ft. high, and wall-sockets prove it to have been originally two-storeyed. Three of the doorways

(Figs. 3 and 10) are of the same size, the lintels and door-posts form a rectangle of square-cut stone, within which a pointed arch has been recessed. Small one-storeyed rooms built round three small courts stretch for 150 ft. beyond the central block (Fig. 12). They are most probably the women's quarters, and include the Sultan's Hamman, with its vault inset with a hundred circular cavities for glazed bowls as ornaments (Fig. 2). There is an elaborate system of sanitation with small stone lavatories and stone piping.

Outside the palace area, among the overgrown maze of leaning walls and rubble, it is still possible to disentangle at least eleven houses of considerable size; great tombs lie packed together behind the mosque and outside the palace wall.

The fact that none of our excavation trenches yielded signs of human settlement at more than 5 ins. below the surface suggests that the site was occupied for a relatively short period. The result of the excavations suggests that the mosque and central block of the palace were built on a bare coral outcrop at the end of the thirteenth or early in the fourteenth century. The houses and much of the palace were built later, the town was deserted and the wells deliberately blocked some time in the second half of the sixteenth century. But pottery finds in the mosque area and among the tombs show that these remained a place of pilgrimage long after.

Yet this is only one of the five sites on the small island. Three are only of minor interest, like the Portuguese fort on the north headland. But a little to the south-west, by the edge of the mangrove swamps, there are the remains of an earlier harbour town, perhaps conquered and destroyed by the Kilwa kings before they built their palace. Few of the ruins stand more than 5 ft. above the surface, but they stretch for 230 yards. They include the remains of two small mosques, a wide gateway and the traces of many small houses. The pottery suggests an Arab settlement of the tenth century to the early thirteenth century, similar to those found by the expedition on the rising ground at Sanje, Majoma and on Kilwa Island, to the north of the late mediæval town, trading ports of a people who used incised *sgraffiato* ware of an East Mediterranean type.

Among the mangrove swamps beyond the settlement we found the remains of a tower, built in tiers and cased with sandstone blocks, some as large as 3 ft. 2 ins. by 1 ft. 1 in. Perhaps this may be linked with our discovery on the summit of the neighbouring island of Sanje ya Kato of what is perhaps the first pre-Islamic town to be found off the East African coast—small, oblong coral houses grouped beneath a citadel whose walls still rise for 16 ft. and lived in by a people



FIG. 3. ONE OF THE CHARACTERISTIC DOORWAYS OF THE SONGO MNARA PALACE. A SOMEWHAT SIMILAR EXAMPLE IS SHOWN IN FIG. 10. INSIDE THE RECTANGLE OF DOOR-POSTS AND LINTEL, A POINTED ARCH OF CONSIDERABLE GRACE HAS BEEN SET IN RECESS.

who smelted iron and used thin red pottery of a "Samian" type.

But it would be premature even to guess at the history of the islands before the Kilwa dynasty rose to power. Perhaps some of the most interesting archaeological discoveries of our time are still waiting to be made in the Kilwa and Songo Mnara group of islands.

THE MOSQUES AND PALACES OF KILWA—AN ISLAND KINGDOM OF EAST AFRICA.



FIG. 4. THE RUINS OF THE FRIDAY MOSQUE ON KILWA ISLAND, THE LARGEST YET KNOWN IN EAST AFRICA OR THE WEST INDIAN OCEAN—EARLY FOURTEENTH CENTURY.



FIG. 5. THE SMALLER DOMED MOSQUE AT KILWA, WITH A BROKEN DOME IN THE FOREGROUND. IN THE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE RUINS OF THE PALACE.



FIG. 6. THE RUINS OF THE PALACE OF KILWA SEEN FROM THE DOMED MOSQUE SHOWN IN FIG. 5, ONE OF THE DOMES OF WHICH CAN BE SEEN IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND.



FIG. 7. A DETAIL OF PART OF THE KILWA MOSQUE SHOWN IN FIG. 4, SHOWING THE STONE DOMES RESTING ON PENDENTIVES.



FIG. 8. THE GATEWAY OF THE CASTLE OF KILWA. THE ELABORATE CARVING OF THIS DOORWAY DATES FROM THE LATER OCCUPATION OF THE SITE BY ARABS FROM OMAN.

In his article on page 591, the Rev. Gervase Mathew describes his expedition (under the auspices of the Tanganyika Government) to a group of islands off the East African coast which were the scene of an Islamic kingdom in the thirteenth century and later. They were also occupied for a time by the Portuguese and

are mentioned by their great poet Camoens and, in consequence of this connection, by Milton. Dr. Mathew also found in the neighbouring island of Sanje ya Kato remains of a pre-Islamic town, the first such to be found off the East African coast. The illustrations on this page are all from the island of Kilwa.

SONGO MNARA—A PLEASURE PALACE OF MEDIÆVAL ARAB KINGS.



FIG. 9. IN THE COURTYARD OF THE PALACE ON SONGO MNARA ISLAND, A COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF THE KILWA KINGS. A BAOBAB-TREE IS GROWING OUT OF THE WALLS.



FIG. 10. A DOORWAY OF THE SONGO MNARA PALACE, OF STRANGELY EARLY ENGLISH EFFECT. IT IS OF THE SAME TYPE AS THAT SHOWN IN FIG. 3.



FIG. 11. THE BEAUTIFUL-FLUTED DEMI-DOME, OR PRAYING NICHE, OF THE MOSQUE ON SONGO MNARA ISLAND, WHERE A COMPLETE MEDIÆVAL ISLAMIC TOWN WAS FOUND.



FIG. 12. INSIDE THE WOMEN'S QUARTERS IN THE SONGO MNARA PALACE, WHICH LIE IN THREE SMALL COURTS OFF CENTRAL BLOCK AND INCLUDING THE HAMMAN.

On page 591 the Rev. Cervase Mathew describes his discoveries of Islamic remains in the Kilwa group of islands off the Tanganyika coast. Although the capital of this group was on Kilwa island itself (pictures of which appear on the facing page), important remains were also investigated on two neighbouring islands:

Songo Mnara, on which a deserted city is the "most complete specimen of a mediæval Islamic town as yet discovered on any of the Indian Ocean islands"; and Sanje ya Kato, in which the remains are earlier and comprise "what is perhaps the first pre-Islamic town to be found off the East African coast."

The World of the Theatre.

"HIGH ASTOUNDING TERMS."

By J. C. TREWIN.

WHEN I think of the Old Vic production of "Tamburlaine the Great" and its "high astounding terms," I shall remember its crowns, imperial and regal. Marlowe was hypnotised by the idea of kingship, by what Tamburlaine calls "the sweet fruition of an earthly crown," and his characters, the captains and the kings, in the swelling pomps of this play, bandy about crowns like chessmen.

I cannot say how many times the word is spoken. An early stage direction is: "Enter Ortygius, bearing a crown"; and, when Tamburlaine appears, the diadem glitters in speech upon speech. After the aspiring conqueror's famous: "Is it not passing brave to be a king, and ride in triumph through Persepolis?"; his lieutenant, Theridamas, cries:

A god is not so glorious as a king: . . .
To wear a crown encased with pearl and gold,
Whose virtues carry with it life and death;
To ask and have, command and be obeyed. . . .

And the note is sustained to the end of the double play, when Tamburlaine, at Death's gulf, insists that he must see his son Amyras "crowned before I die." As Eric Linklater said in his preface to Basil Ashmore's version of the play, Marlowe the Elizabethan gave commensurate speech to an age of strenuous aspiration. "Tamburlaine" was heady stuff indeed for playgoers in the expanding world of the late sixteenth century. Tyrone Guthrie, the producer, who, with Donald Wolfit, has made the present version, calls the piece the "inflamed power-dream of a genius that never reached maturity." He speaks also of "an orgy of sadism by the light of meteors."

One cannot write mildly about "Tamburlaine." Its verse (criticised as "swelling bombast" in Marlowe's own day) streams like an army with banners, roars like a gale across Asia. The wind is loud with ringing names. Elizabethans, who not long before had been used only to blank verse as stiff as buckram,

had a chance to see. Here now, in the first recorded professional production for centuries, Tyrone Guthrie and Donald Wolfit have brought "Tamburlaine" back to the theatre, in all its rodomontade of bronze-and-gold, with its cruelties, its fantastic pageant of kings crowned and uncrowned, an Emperor in a cage, his Empress bowed beneath the fetters she must clash in her last frenzy, the virgins of Damascus spitted (off-stage) upon the spear, the governor of Babylon hanging from his city wall as a butt for archers (no one in my experience has played an arrow-riddled Governor better than Ernest Hare), Tamburlaine drawn in his chariot by the "pamper'd jades"—remembered a decade later in Pistol's bragging—and the last death scene, when the failing tyrant, before his son is crowned, prowls across the vast map. "And shall I die, and this unconquered?" He repeats the line. Tamburlaine goes unsatisfied to death, but with a last boast on his lips: "For Tamburlaine, the scourge of God, must die."

He has never been fully alive. Once or twice during the play Marlowe finds the quick, animating stroke—as in a line from the lament for Zenocrate: "Come down from Heaven and live with me again"—but, for most of the night, Tamburlaine is a brazen mouthpiece for the sounding, ringing verse: verse that can rise to the glories of: "If all the pens that ever poets held . . .", and sink to the fustian of "Boreas' boisterous blasts" (the speaker is Mycetes, first of the kings to lose his crown). Donald Wolfit, always an actor of tireless drive, overcomes his Mongol make-up and some costumes ill-fitted to the splendour of Tamburlaine, and serves Marlowe nobly to the last, though nobility is not, perhaps, a word to use for the scourge of God. Wolfit shows once more his gift for gesture: I shall not forget how, in the first scene with Theridamas, he points the last words of "I hold the Fates bound fast in iron chains, and with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about." He can strike terror from lines that, in the text, are the merest fee-fi-fum. Some of the finest verse eludes him; but he gives much, and we should be grateful for acting of this range and force, acting that indeed builds Persepolis in Waterloo Road. If only he would abandon that last unfortunate fur coat!

There are many gallant fighters with Tamburlaine. Margaret Rawlings acts Zabina in the grand manner. The lines of her last dying frenzy are almost ludicrous: "The sun

was down—streamers white, red, black—here, here, here!—Fling the meat in his face.—Tamburlaine! Tamburlaine!—Let the soldiers be buried.—Hell, Death, Tamburlaine, Hell! Make ready my coach, my chair, my jewels.—I come! I come! I come!" Miss Rawlings manages to take this to the height of tragic passion. To name the rest in a long cast would be cataloguing: Jill Balcon, Leo McKern, Reginald Tate, Peter Coke, John Phillips: all are



"BACK TO THE THEATRE IN ALL ITS RODOMONTADE OF BRONZE-AND-GOLD, WITH ITS CRUELITIES, ITS FANTASTIC PAGEANT OF KINGS CROWNED AND UNCROWNED": "TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT"—A SCENE FROM CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE'S DRAMA SHOWING TAMBURLAINE (DONALD WOLFIT) DEMONSTRATING HIS ABSOLUTE DEVOTION TO HIS CAUSE BY EXECUTING HIS SON, CALYPHUS (COLIN JEVONS), FOR COWARDICE IN THE FIELD.

The present Old Vic production by Tyrone Guthrie of "Tamburlaine the Great" is the first recorded professional production for centuries. When the run at the Old Vic comes to an end, the Old Vic Company is to make its first visit to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon. The company will remain at Stratford for two weeks from October 31, and will present "Tamburlaine" in the first week.

in key, and Tyrone Guthrie, with Leslie Hurry's tented field as background, has sent the play surging menacingly across the stage like the chariots-and-horse of the conqueror. The spirit of this wild pageant is in a stage direction from one of the scenes after the conquest of Bajazeth: "A second course of crowns is brought in," and in Tamburlaine's lines at Damascus:

Every warrior that is wrapt with love
Of fame, of valour, and of victory,
Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits.

We may not meet the play again in our lifetime: in staging it, and in allowing the Scythian to come down like a wolf on the fold, the Vic has done rare service.

It is far from the blood-and-sand, the crowns and the torments of Asia, to the "Jutish farmstead" near Canterbury (A.D. 596) which is the scene of Christopher Fry's "Thor, With Angels" at the Lyric, Hammersmith. This other Christopher has a Marlovian sense of words, without the bombast and without the violent invention. He does not drive a play across the stage. Rather he lets it stand still while he decorates it; the decoration is worth our gaze and our hearing. "Thor" was written for the Canterbury Festival of 1948—Marlowe, it will be remembered, was a Canterbury man—and it is about the coming of Christianity to England, the light that breaks upon paganism, the soothing away of winter by the hand of spring. It is a static play, though it has a growing power and develops on acquaintance. The language (Jack Hawkins, in particular, has the

voice for it) is often superb; I am sorry that the actor who appears as Merlin (yes, Merlin—"he would have been two hundred years old at the time, if a day," says Fry) has not the full vocal quality for such a passage as that ending: "A ship in full foliage rides in over the February foam." This Fry rarity is prefaced by "A Phoenix Too Frequent," with Diana Churchill entirely delightful as the self-entombed widow who changes her mind. What Tamburlaine would have done about the woman I hesitate to think.

The French players will have reached their last days at the St. James's when this appears; but I cannot end an article without thanking Jean-Louis Barrault and Madeleine Renaud, two of the crowned heads of the French stage, for having brought the full gold of the Parisian theatre to London. We shall remember a three-weeks season that it would take "high astounding terms" to appraise.



"A FRY RARITY . . . SET IN A JUTISH FARMSTEAD IN THE KENT OF A.D. 596": "THOR, WITH ANGELS" AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH—A SCENE FROM CHRISTOPHER FRY'S PLAY SHOWING CYMEN (JACK HAWKINS) MOURNING OVER THE DEAD BRITON, HOEL (GEORGE COLE), WHO HAS JUST BEEN TAKEN DOWN FROM THE TREE ON WHICH HE WAS CRUCIFIED. ABOVE ARE HIS SON AND DAUGHTER (ALAN TILVERN AND DOROTHY TUTIN), AND BELOW HIS TWO BROTHERS-IN-LAW (JOHN GLEN AND RICHARD WARNER).

Two plays by Christopher Fry, "Thor, With Angels"—written for the Canterbury Festival of 1948—and "A Phoenix Too Frequent," form a double-bill at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Both plays are directed by Michael Macowan.

discovered Marlowe's way with the mighty line, the "thundering speech." In Tamburlaine, the man who fought before every crowned head in Asia and took their crowns for himself, the young dramatist had a majestic part for Edward Alleyn. We cannot be surprised that the piece made so great a mark upon the stage of its time.

This is a play that every student of drama knows, but that very few indeed have

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE TEMPEST" (Mermaid).—Enchantment in St. John's Wood, where Bernard Miles has opened his private "Elizabethan" theatre with high success. Details from 43a, Acacia Road, N.W.8. (September 17.)

"NO STRINGS" (New Lindsey).—And very little hope. An unfortunate "American drama" by Byron Pennington. (September 20.)

"RAINBOW SQUARE" (Stoll).—This, with a score by Robert Stolz, is an attempt to press modern Vienna into the service of musical comedy. But—on the present showing—old ways are best. (September 21.)

"TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT" (Old Vic).—The "great and thundering speech," the "stately tent of war," the captains and the kings, the cohorts in purple-and-gold. A surprising production by Tyrone Guthrie, and a matching performance by Donald Wolfit, of the Marlowe drama now restored to the stage after centuries of neglect. (September 24.)

FRENCH PLAYERS (St. James's).—In such work as the formally-patterned "Les Fausses Confidences" of Marivaux, the Occupation drama, "Les Nuits de la Colère" of Salacrou Gide's version of "Edipe," and the mime, "Baptiste," the Barrault-Renaud company speaks with eloquence for the Parisian theatre. (September 24 onwards.)

"THE LYRIC REVUE" (Globe).—The wittiest revue for some years has moved to the West End. (September 26.)

"THOR, WITH ANGELS" and "A PHOENIX TOO FREQUENT" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—A Fry double-bill: Ephesian tomb and a Jutish farmstead in the Kent of A.D. 596. (September 27.)

"MRS. DOT" (Arts Theatre Club).—Early Maugham, with one or two charming performances: note Daphne Slater's girl-of-the-period. (September 28.)

"MRS. BASIL FARRINGTON" (New Boltons).—A melodrama by David Tearle that is better in its quietest scenes and has a strong showpiece of a part for Joan Miller. (October 1.)

NAVAL HISTORY IN PAINT: NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM ACQUISITIONS.



"THE ADVENTURE AND BEAGLE IN THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN"; BY J. W. CARMICHAEL (1800-1868). THE SURVEY WAS BEGUN BY THESE SHIPS IN 1826.



"THE ACTION OFF SAN DOMINGO, 1806"; BY NICHOLAS POCKOCK (1741-1821). DUCKWORTH'S FLAGSHIP *SUPERB* IS CLOSE UNDER THE LEE OF THE FRENCH THREE-DECKER *IMPÉRIAL*.

A NUMBER of important recent acquisitions for the National Maritime Museum are now on view, and add further details to the wonderful record of British Naval history which this great collection at Greenwich presents. On this page we reproduce a selection of some of the paintings. The portraits include a fine Daniel Mytens of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, who was greatly interested in schemes for the colonisation of America. He built frigates on the lines of the *Dunkirkers* and operated them as privateers. During the Great Rebellion he secured a large part of the Fleet for Parliament, but he did not serve the Parliament after the execution of King Charles I. Sir Freschville Holles and Sir Robert Holmes, who are represented by Sir Peter Lely in a double portrait,

[Continued opposite.



"NELSON MORTALLY WOUNDED AT TRAFALGAR"; BY DENIS DIGHTON (1792-1827). THE SCENE ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF *VICTORY* AS NELSON FELL.

[Continued.]

again for the South Seas, taking Charles Darwin with him in the *Beagle*. James Wilson Carmichael, who painted *Adventure and Beagle* in the Straits of Magellan, went on board one of her Majesty's ships to the Baltic when the Russian war broke out, and on his return, several of the sketches made by him during his absence were published as engravings in *The Illustrated London News*. The action which forms the subject of Nicholas Pocock's painting took place in February, 1806. Sir John Duckworth, with seven ships, chased a French squadron of five across the Atlantic and came up with them near San Domingo. Three were captured and the other two driven ashore. Denis Dighton's painting of Nelson mortally wounded at Trafalgar shows the moment when Nelson fell, shot by a French marksman from the mizzen-top of the *Redoutable*. He had just turned to speak to his flag-captain Hardy, who is seen running towards him with outstretched arms. The new acquisitions also include an interesting Portulan Chart by William Borough, Elizabethan seaman, c. 1580, showing the way to the Baltic; a pair of globes of about 1690; various relics and MSS.

By courtesy of the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum.



"ROBERT RICH, EARL OF WARWICK" (1587-1658), LORD HIGH ADMIRAL FOR PARLIAMENT; BY DANIEL MYTENS (15-?-1656).



"SIR FRESHVILLE HOLLES AND SIR ROBERT HOLMES (R.)"; BY SIR PETER LEY (1618-1680). THE SITTEES WERE COMRADES IN ARMS WHO TRIED TO SNAP UP THE DUTCH SMYRNA CONVOY JUST BEFORE WAR BROKE OUT IN 1672.

were companions-in-arms who tried to snap up the Dutch Smyrna convoy on its way up the Channel shortly before the declaration of war with Holland, 1672. Holmes captured New York (then known as New Amsterdam) from the Dutch in 1664. In 1666 he made a "bonfire" of a large number of Dutch merchantmen lying in the Vlie. Holles, who had the reputation of being a wild and unruly captain, lost an arm in the Four Days Battle 1666. He was killed at the battle of Solebay, 1672. Captain King, in the *Adventure*, and Captain Stokes, in the *Beagle*, began their survey of the Straits of Magellan in 1826. Stokes died in 1828 and was succeeded in the command of the *Beagle* by Commander Fitzroy. The ships returned to England in 1830. In the following year Fitzroy set out

[Continued below, left.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

HOW very good it would be if "I Promessi Sposi" suddenly became a real possession in England: if, as a result of this new version—"The Betrothed," by Alessandro Manzoni (Dent; 15s.)—our literary pundits really adopted it, as they have done so many foreign novels—and some (not to be invidious and mention names) which don't exist in comparison. On general grounds, I am not very hopeful. And as the new translator, Archibald Colquhoun, says in a brief but most intriguing study of Manzoni, this great, enchanting book, in Italy the novel, has always had poor luck abroad. It has been formally acclaimed but not much valued, and for some reason England has turned the deafest ear. All that being so, what are the prospects of a late awakening? It was worth trying for, anyhow, and I can see two circumstances in its favour. First the translation, for it seems the early renderings were poor stuff. I don't think this is vital, as a rule, but there are limits; something must depend on how bad they were. The second hopeful, though depressing factor is the eclipse of Scott. Manzoni's novel, which appeared in 1827, was just enough inspired by Scott for English readers to assume it would take after him, and, when they found the difference, to conclude that it was Scott *manqué*. That measure will not be applied to-day.

And it was never in the least appropriate. Manzoni's starting-point is not romance, it is the quality of human life. He chose his period, the middle of the Thirty Years War, as being abnormally disturbed, close-packed with folly and disaster, and in short a forcing-house for all the tendencies of men in society. Foreign rule—Milan was then under the Spaniards: autocracy combined with anarchy: laws marked by a "profound, ferocious, pretentious ignorance": war, famine, plague, and every species of oppression—that was his material. And he saw no romance in it. With him, the fighting takes place off; war figures as a tide of hunger and disease, an absentee Governor, the "peaceful" transit of a German army with the plague in its ranks. The young Manzoni went to school to Voltaire, and "The Betrothed" has more in common with "Candide" than with "Ivanhoe." Indeed, some critics hold that it is fundamentally the same tale, the story of a young man's search for justice in a mad world. Only this rendering is Christian. It has real heroes—heroes of charity and self-renunciation.

I have no room to say much of the plot. Briefly, two rustic lovers, parted by oppression on their wedding-day, are swept into the torrent of circumstance and reunited after long grief and pain. Renzo and his Lucia are distinct persons—Renzo, that rash, ingenuous Candide, is all-too-human, and a figure of appealing fun. But he is also an immortal spirit, and a representative of the oppressed crowd, the "scattered mass without a name," in which Manzoni had so deep an interest. It is the most historical of novels, the most intimate and philosophic of histories. And it is beautifully unpretending, limpid and even gay, full of ironic comedy and disillusioned indulgence.

Next there should be a gap; it is unfair to thrust a mere distinguished novel into close contact with one of the big books of the world. An average week would have seen "Letty Landon," by Helen Ashton (Collins; 10s. 6d.), in the first place. One may be shy of fictional biography in general, but not of this writer, whose skill and judgment are already proved. And here, I think, the dimness of the chosen figure is a real advantage. Nobody feels responsible for L.E.L., that poor, forgotten Muse; nobody will resent her portrait, or be moved to chip in.

Letty Landon rose to fame at nineteen, as a young Byrness of Brompton, pouring out mellifluous woes with the facility and spirit of a hurdy-gurdy. She was a round-faced, innocent young creature, dressing à la grecque and gushing timidly at literary "evenings." That was how it began. But then her father died, and Letty was left poor. Aided and comforted by her first patron, old Daddy Jerdan, of the *Literary Gazette*, she took to writing for bread—which was a different story altogether. Poor L.E.L. among the brilliant hooligans of Grub Street was like a butterfly contending for a livelihood with creatures of prey. Her guileless, silly muse went out of fashion, and her market shrank. Some "poison pen" attacked her literary friendships—with Jerdan, with the dandy-novelist Ned Bulwer, with "bright, broken Maginn." These slanders cost her an intending husband—it was John Forster, future biographer of Dickens—who had seemed her last chance. And then, so unpredictable is life, she married George Maclean, the dour, hard-drinking Governor of the Gold Coast, and died mysteriously after eight weeks in Africa. The crowded literary scene is that of Thackeray's "Pendennis." The final episode is very strange. The treatment is charming.

"The Relentless Marriage," by Morton Lambert (Peter Davies; 10s. 6d.), opens about the time of Letty Landon's death, but in a very different atmosphere. It is the Cinderella-story of an orphan girl, enjoying one peep at the great world and instantly bespoken by a dark stranger. Only the prince, the Earl of Estrith, is not in love. There is a secret in his life, some horrid mystery which has estranged him from all his friends. He used to be a wild young spark, a kind of post-Regency beau, but now he rarely leaves his castle; and when he does, his manners are austere and chilling. Vicky, the little kinless nobody, is not the girl of his choice, merely a sacrifice to his unholy lot. But he is sound at heart, Vicky is loving and courageous, and it all comes right in the end.

The author has a sense of period and style, but he has damaged his romance by not being rosy enough. Estrith is really too objectionable.

"The Daffodil Blonde," by Frances Crane (Hammond; 9s. 6d.), features Jean and Pat Abbott in Kentucky, in a world of "gracious old houses," horse-racing and Kentucky chivalry. Pat's friend Rob Murray has a daughter Alex, who has been falling for Guy Adriance, who is no good. Rob's trainer and the deleterious Guy are found shot dead on the same night, and there is a strong Kentucky disposition to make it suicide. For otherwise it might be Rob, or Alex, or the "right" young man, and they are all the right stuff. The plot never stops thickening and Jean, as usual, has a bad moment. And it is all extremely blithe and animated.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TREASURES IN THE NURSERY.

ONE of the most delightful books that have come my way for a long time is "The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes," edited by Iona and Peter Opie (Clarendon Press; 30s.). In this book the editors have assembled no fewer than 500 nursery rhymes which have been handed on from generation to generation in the nursery. As the editors say, however, it would be more accurate to speak of rhymes preserved by the nursery than coming from the nursery. "Indeed, the farther one goes back into the history of the rhymes, the farther one finds oneself being led from the cotside." For the vast majority of nursery rhymes were not originally composed for children. Many are folk-songs. Many, like Dr. Johnson's "Turnip Seller," are the witty diversion of sages and scholars. As G. K. Chesterton said, a line such as "Over the hills and far away" is one of the most beautiful in all English poetry (Gay, Swift, Burns, Tennyson, Robert Louis Stevenson and Henley all annexed it as their own)—though, and this is the joy of nursery rhymes, the ridiculous always sits cheek by jowl with the sublime, and in the same rhyme we come down to earth with a bump with "And the wind shall blow my top-knot off." Many of these rhymes are of immense antiquity. One lullaby goes back to Roman times, while "white bird featherless" appears in Latin in the tenth century. The German version of "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John" appears as early as 1492, and a French version of "thirty days hath September" dates back as far as the thirteenth century. With great scholarship and care the editors have found documentation to prove that one in nine of the rhymes were known to our ancestors in their nurseries when Charles I. still had his head on his shoulders. At least a quarter of the rhymes, and possibly over half, are more than 200 years old, and the editors believe that nearly one in four of all the rhymes were known while Shakespeare was still a young man.

For example, the delightful "Hitty-pitty within the wall" (of which naughty Squirrel Nutkin was so fond) is to be found in a favourite collection of "Merrie Riddles" which appeared first in 1600 and was reprinted at intervals throughout the seventeenth century. Many, of course, of the rhymes have political origins, though I am sorry to see that the editors destroy a favourite illusion of mine, which is that Rowley in "Froggy would a-wooing go" was Charles II. They also (I think with less justification) are a little dubious about the origins of "Hark, hark, the dogs do bark, The beggars are coming to town." I see no reason for not accepting the old tradition that this was a commentary on the grave social problem of Elizabethan times, when the countryside was terrorised by the roving bands of workless men which the enclosures and the Dissolution of the monasteries had created. They quote an amusing later tradition that the beggars were the Dutchmen who came to England in the train of William III., and suggest that the "One in a velvet gown" referred to that monarch.

It is also amusing to find that, for example, "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" in its original form was highly indelicate, and that the version which we know is a carefully bowdlerised nineteenth-century form of the song which Pepys heard as "A mery new jigge" and which was well known when James I. and his Scots made their first appearance in London. It is curious to find that one knows, without realising it, such an immense number of these traditional rhymes. I find, looking through this book, that I am familiar with at least 400 of the 500, and my younger daughter, aged six, appeared to know some sixty or seventy. This is a book which delights with its subject matter, and which should be treasured for its scholarship.

I remember once hearing a sermon in which the preacher spoke of the necessity of preserving a "child-like mind." It is a precious gift and none had it in greater measure than the late Hugh Kingsmill Lunn, of whom Hesketh Pearson and Malcolm Muggeridge write in "About Kingsmill" (Methuen; 10s. 6d.). I suppose when he died Hugh Kingsmill would have been accounted by the world something of a failure. I doubt if any of his books will live, and his literary criticism, though delightful, is ephemeral. There can seldom, however, have been a man in the literary world who gave such immense pleasure to those who were privileged to be his friends. This little book is in the form of an exchange of letters between two of the closest of those friends. As Malcolm Muggeridge says in the initial letter, "I believe you will agree with me that his genius found expression best in conversation with friends—the activity which, of all others, he found most pleasing, and for which he was invariably and wisely prepared to relinquish all other occupations... his talk ranged over everything and illuminated everything."

"I dare say Johnson, whom he loved, was the same; but I doubt if even Johnson could produce quite the mingling of humour and insight, the, as it were, inexhaustible loving-kindness about life in all its manifestations which he could on all occasions." He preserved throughout life that wonderful child-like mind and that Lunn laugh which is like nothing

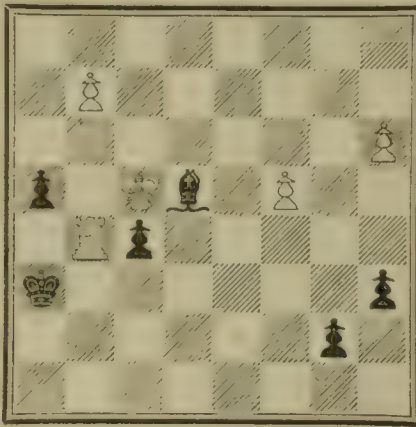
else on earth. Even those who did not know him—such as been the skill of the authors—will be attracted by the portrait which they draw of this brilliant and good man.

Two most interesting books are "Splendid Occasions in English History, 1520-1947" by Ian Kyrle Fletcher (Cassell; 63s.), and "100 Years in Pictures," with a Foreword by the well-known historian, D. C. Somervell (Odhams; 12s. 6d.). The former is a most splendid production and ranges from the Field of the Cloth of Gold to the marriage of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. Mr. Fletcher has hit on the happy idea of bringing together in one sumptuous volume those great occasions in the history of this country where our natural genius for pageantry has been able to exert itself. The other book is as difficult to put down as an old volume of *The Illustrated London News*. One can only describe it as a national "family album" which covers so much that it is quite impossible to do it justice in this short notice. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WHITE.



BLACK.

WE examined last week various possibilities of play from this position without coming to the most interesting, 1. P-Kt4. Black has three plausible answers.

A. 1. ... P-R6. White would reply, 2. R-R5ch, K-Kt3. If now 3. R×RP, P×P!; and since White can submit neither to 4. K×B?, P×R nor 4. K×P?; B-B4ch and 5. ... B×R, he must move the rook harmlessly, permitting ... B-B6, after which everything is held and the draw for Black is easy.

White, however, can delicately play for time by (instead of 3. R×P) 3. R-R8. Now, 3. ... P×P; 4. K×B would lose. Black's only chance is 3. ... B-Q6. He is now threatening 4. ... P×P as well as ... B×P, but by 4. R×P. White could win a pawn and the game.

B. After 1. P-Kt4, Black could alternatively try 1. ... P×P. His bishop is safe for the moment; 2. K×B would allow 2. ... K×R. White would have to play 2. R×P, and it looks for a moment as if Black can still hold his extra pawn by 2. ... K-R4, as once again 3. K×B allows 3. ... K×R, but White might return rook for bishop and pawn by 3. R×Pch, K×R; 4. K×B. Now commences a typical king chase across the board. White can't win by simple play. 4. ... K-Kt5; 5. K-Q5, K-B4; 6. K-B5, K-K4; 7. K-Kt6, K-Q5; 8. K×KtP, K×P; 9. K×P, K-Kt6 and draws.

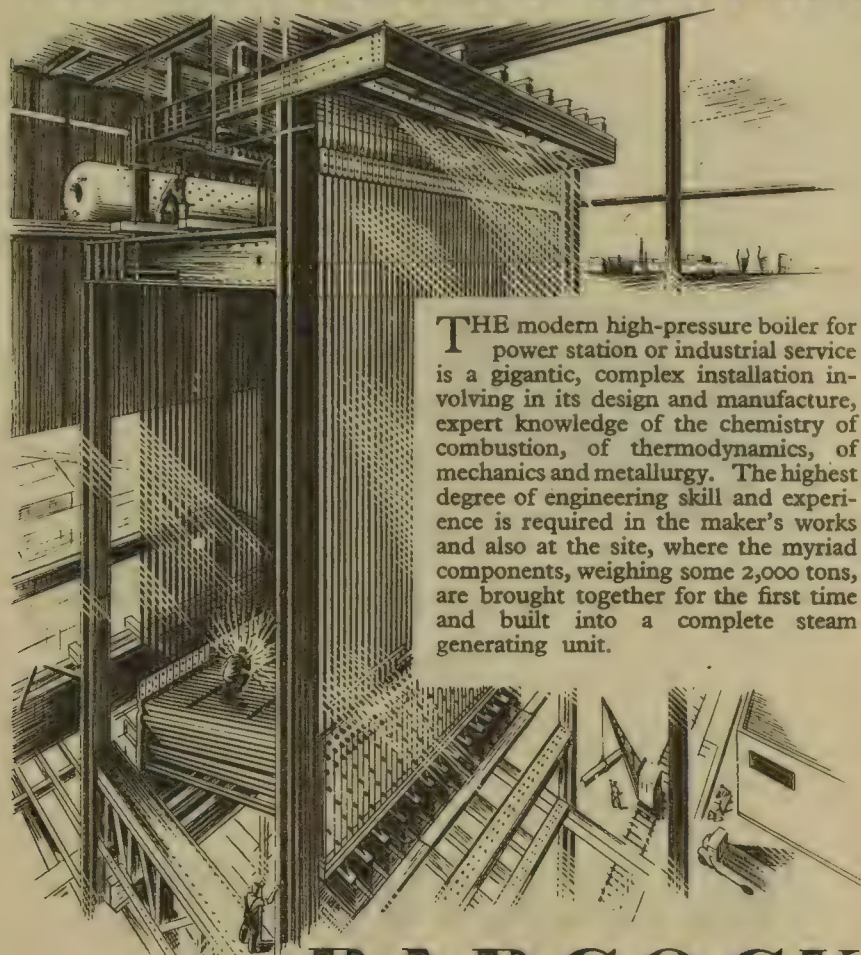
Nor can he win by more subtle means, e.g., 5. P-R4. If Black plays 5. ... P-QKt3, White's king goes for this pawn and the QBP queens. Moreover, Black cannot allow 6. P-R5, for in six moves White's king would capture both black pawns and go on to QKt6. Black must play 5. ... P-R4. Again the game would be drawn; when White captures a pawn Black at once retaliates.

All this presupposes White's 3. R×Pch. Unfortunately (play 1. P-Kt4, P×P; 2. R×P, K-R4 again from the diagram) White has again a devastating quiet alternative: 3. R-Kt8! threatening both 4. K×B, and 4. R-R8ch. and 5. R×P. If 3. ... B-Q6 then 4. R-R8ch, K-Kt3; 5. P-B5.

C. Black's third possible reply to 1. P-Kt4 is 1. ... P×P en passant. Though, after 2. R×P, his king is still shut off on the left-hand edge of the board, he had still good prospects of drawing. As soon as the rook attempts to do anything on the other side, Black's king is released. Moreover, if White's king goes over as far as Q6, Black can take the offensive himself by 1. ... P-B5!

I only hope you are more interested than alarmed at the complications such an apparently simple position may hold.

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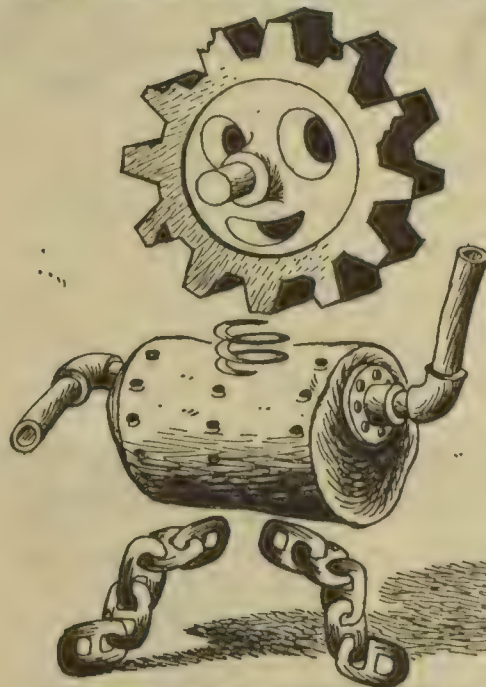
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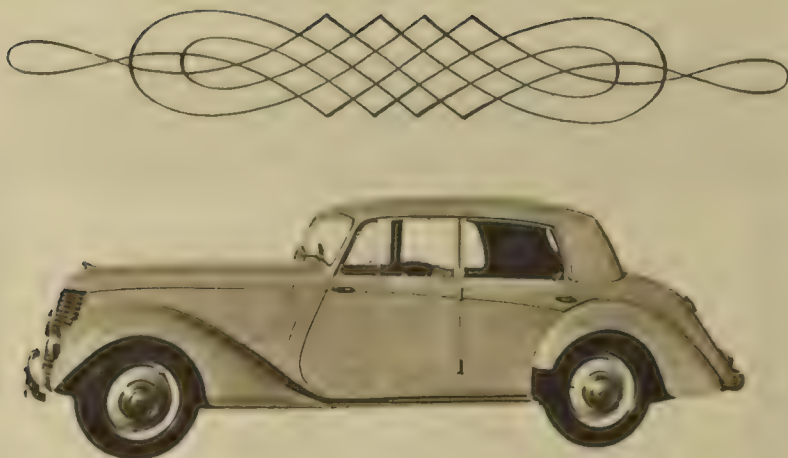
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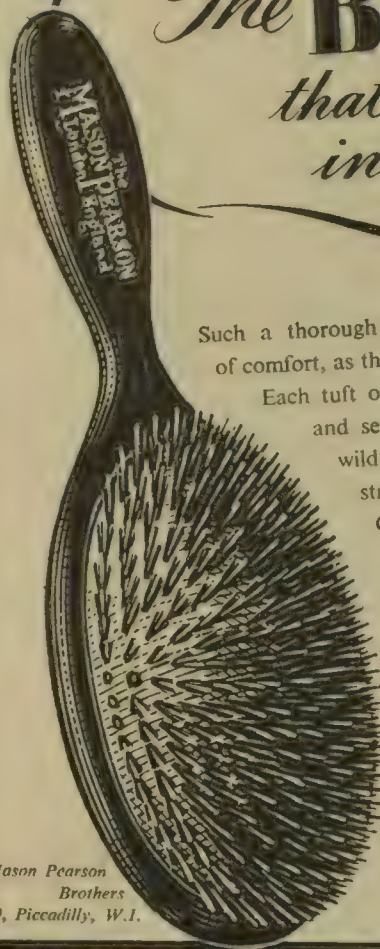
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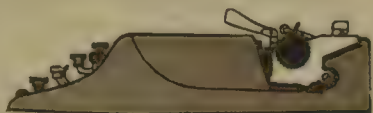
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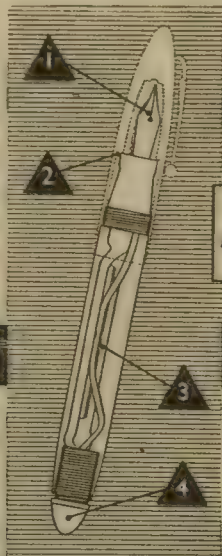
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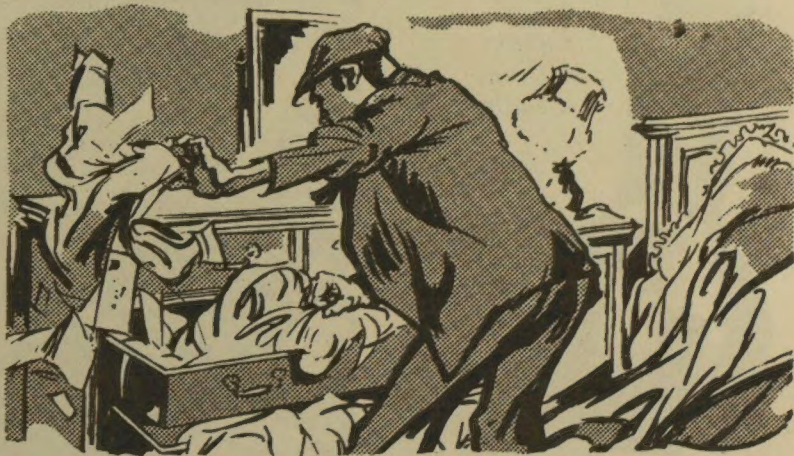
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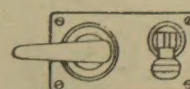
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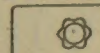
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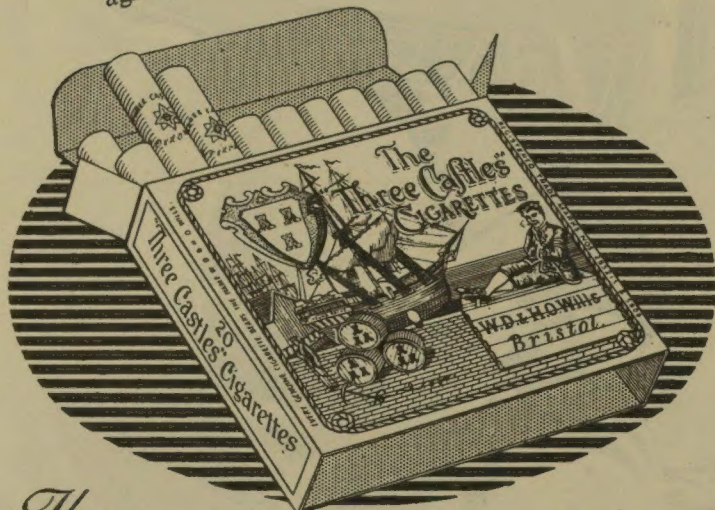


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